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Pasty Pat—Ghastly Gephardt

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

APRIL 1988 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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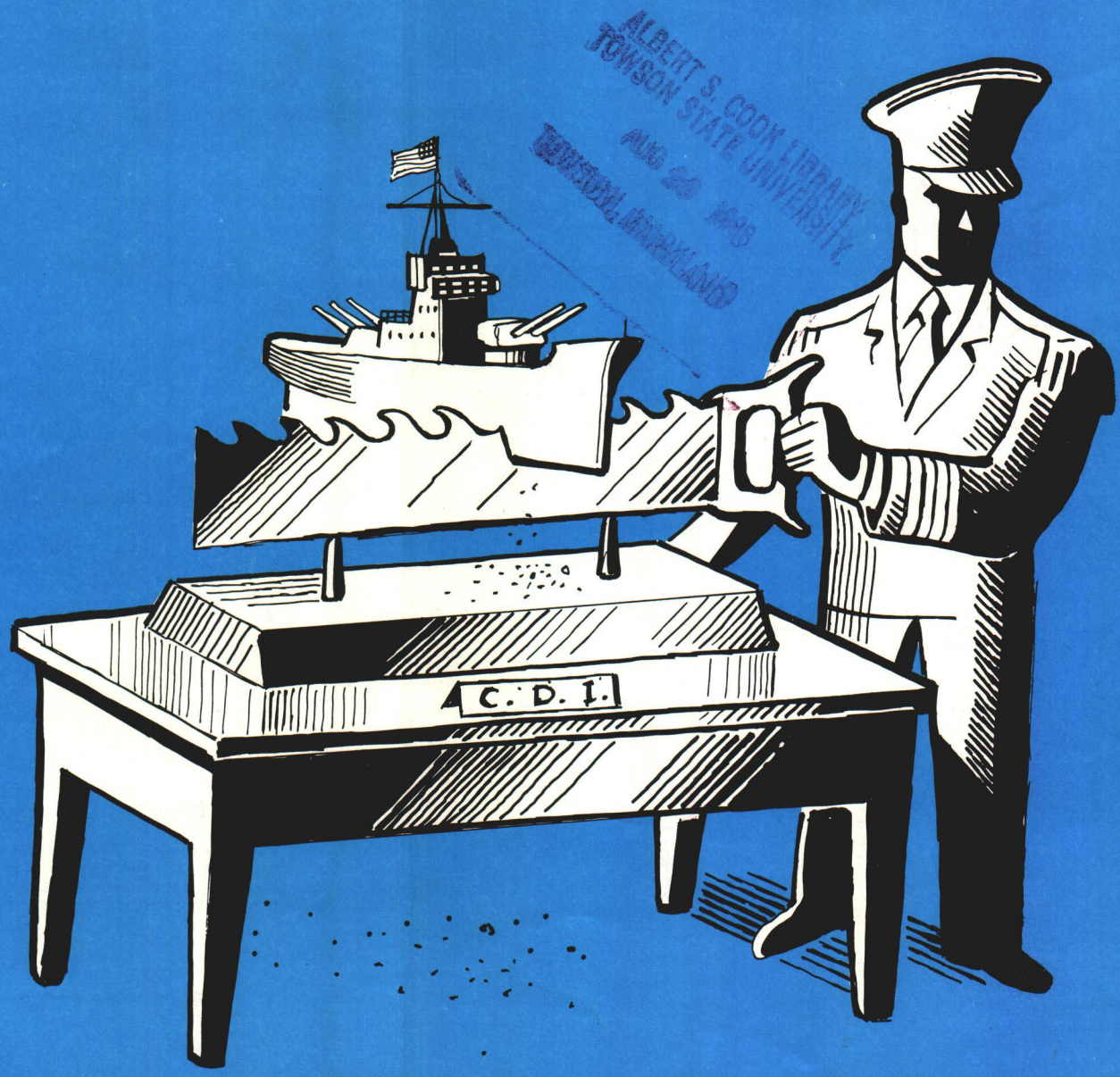
Tom Bethell's Lonesome Highways

Admiral La Rocque's Center for Defense Misinformation



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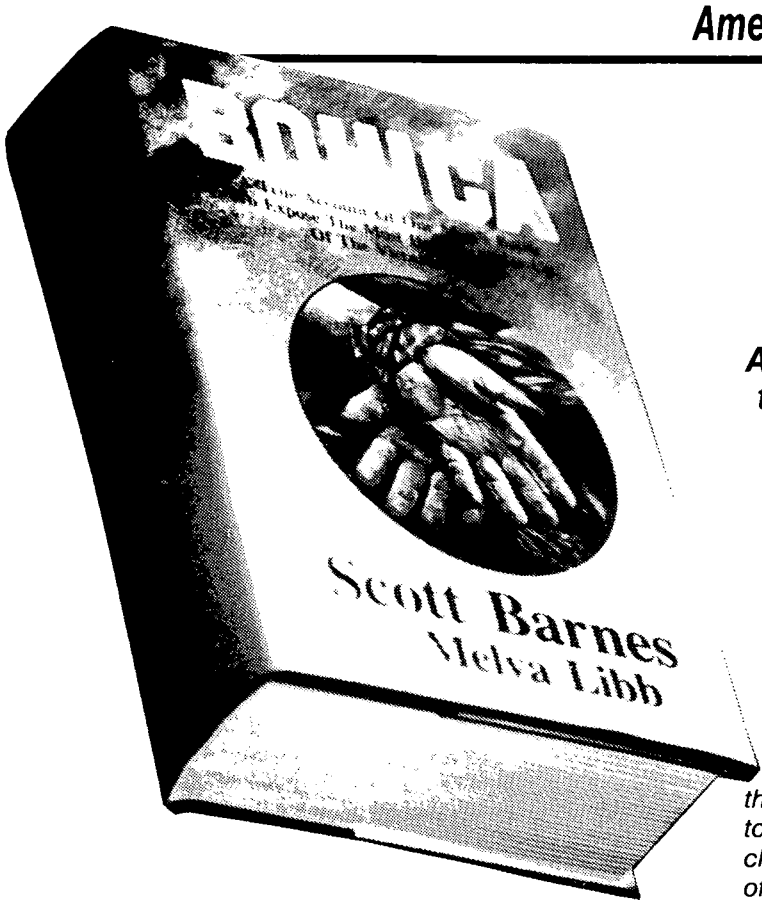

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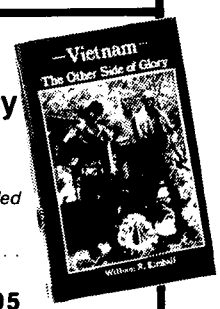

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Gaza

Are its inhabitants being "subjugated" by the Israelis?

If that mythical man from Mars were to appear today, he might believe that Gaza — that tiny strip of land wedged between Israel and Egypt, and home to about 650,000 Palestinian Arabs, is the flash point of the world. There are daily banner headlines in the newspapers and extensive coverage on television newscasts. Howling mobs of teenagers, armed with bricks and Molotov cocktails, confront and defy Israeli security forces. Inevitably, people get hurt and die. The U.S. public is uncomfortable and bewildered.

What are the facts?

■ In 1922, together with the rest of Palestine, Gaza was entrusted to Britain, as a League of Nations mandate, committing them to create a Jewish homeland in Palestine. But they created the Kingdom of Trans-Jordan, to the east of the Jordan River, 77% of the original country. In 1947, the U.N. offered a partition plan for the remainder, to be divided into a Jewish and an Arab state. Gaza was to be part of the Arab state. The Jews agreed to the partition. The Arabs refused. No Jewish state, however minuscule, could be allowed on "sacred Arab soil". On the day that Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded the new state. The newly founded state of Israel, rather than dying at its birth, defeated the invading armies. Jordan, however, was able to occupy Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the old city of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied Gaza. Their administration lasted for 19 years. It ended with the 1967 Six-Day War, when Israel routed the Egyptians and Jordanians in defensive response to Colonel Nasser and King Hussein's aggresions. During these years, the Palestinians voiced no demand for self-determination. The subject matter, then as now, was not Israel's "occupation", but rather Israel's existence.

■ During the 1948 War of Jewish Liberation, many Arabs fled from their homes to Gaza for what they expected to be a short sojourn. Because, exhorted by their leaders and by blood-curdling broadcasts, they were urged to vacate Palestine so as not to interfere with the invading Arab armies. They would be able to return very soon, to recover their homes and their property — and that of the Jews.

■ Things didn't turn out that way 40 years ago. Gaza became one of the most densely populated spots on earth. The inhabitants could not go to Egypt, nor would any other Arab country admit them. And why not? Because it served the political purposes of the Arab nations to leave these poor people in the pitiful condition in which they find themselves — still refugees, still living in squalid camps with their children and grandchildren, 40 years after their flight. The Arab nations could easily relieve the population pressure and the despair in Gaza by participating in and assisting with the programs of Israel and international organizations for the absorption and economic development of the refugees. They won't do that, and it doesn't look as though they ever will. They wish to keep the wound festering. What is the ultimate goal from which the Arabs have never deviated? It is the dismantling and the "Lebanonization" of the State of Israel.

■ What could the Israelies do to mitigate the situation? Not much more than they are doing now. Under Israeli administration, and under their policy of open borders, Gazans can freely move between the "strip" and Israel, the "West Bank", Jordan, and anywhere else that they might be allowed to travel. The political and personal liberties that Gazans enjoy, their standard of living, level of education, social and public health services are incomparably higher than ever before. 60,000 Gazans work in Israel. Apart from the dole of the world, these jobs are the main income of the population — the economy would totally collapse without them. Can Israel "walk away" and relinquish this area? It is impossible, because the PLO would immediately re-establish military bases and make them launching pads for attacks against Israel's main cities, only a few miles away. That's what happened daily under Egyptian administration before 1967.

Gaza is a tragedy — people are in misery and young men are dying. Like all other problems dividing Arabs and Jews, this too could be settled by good will and direct negotiation. The 1978 Camp David Accords provide the framework for such negotiation and for establishment of autonomy for Palestinian Arabs. The PLO totally reject Camp David. Their acceptance would relieve the plight of the Palestinian Arabs and assure their rights, as well as safeguard Israel's security and existence.

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HE'LL BE GROWN UP BY THE TIME AFGHANISTAN'S WOUNDS HEAL.

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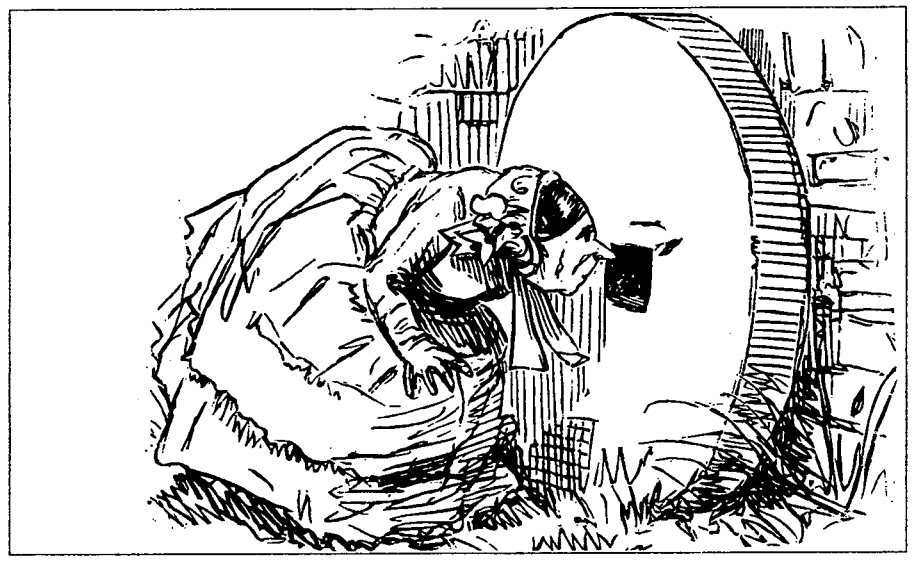
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•The longest February in four years staggered into history, as a new theme issued from that din of public hysteria known as The Media, to wit: conservatism's "disarray and impotence." Suddenly, it is reported that "the conservatives have had it"—a news story as vacant of truth as was the early 1980s media hysteria over "the conservatives are running amok everywhere." If the conservatives have indeed had it, why is it that all candidates for the Republican presidential nomination are sending the Reaganite message, with one inelegant exception, Senator Robert Dole, who is trying to sound like a Gore Vidal for illiterates? Whatever happened to the Rockefeller Republicans? Surely not all of them expired on that fateful January 26 evening back in 1979 when the Hon. Nelson Rockefeller, in the company of the mysterious Megan Marshack, secreted himself away to ponder art, only to have the beauty of it overwhelm his heart—leaving him, the champion of Modern Republicanism, at room temperature. And consider the Democrats. Only *sotto voce* do they intone their tax & tax, spend & spend cajolery. For a certitude, conservatives are having their difficulties, but the real political theme the media should be echoing is the same theme that has run through the entire decade, namely: the dissolution of liberalism, a public philosophy that dare not mention its name to the voters and that has not come up with a winsome policy since 1965.

•Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii has asked fellow giants on Capitol Hill to rescind his famed $8 million federal appropriation for a French school for North African Jews living 8,843 miles from Hawaii. Austrian President Dr. Kurt Waldheim continues to suffer a catastrophic press. Now the historical commission scrutinizing his Nazi past reports that though the former United Nations Secretary General was never an Eichmann or a Barbie, neither was he a critic of their work, and as a lieutenant in Hitler's army he knew of their atrocities. Following up on an earlier report in this column, registered nurse Donald Herbert Baker, 38, was sentenced to a two-month term by a California court for lewd conduct. In October we reported that Mr. Baker, a long-time reader of *Ms.* magazine, was found girl-watching beneath a ladies' outhouse in Montana de Oro State Park, waist-deep in feminine excrement. However, apparently the story took a bizarre twist, for contrary to our earlier report he was not "dressed in plastic clothes and surgical gloves." Rather he was practically naked and suffering a particularly severe case of liberal guilt, explaining his foul deed by saying, "It seemed like a real degrading thing to do. I was just there to soak in it." Yes, but Mr. Baker was also invading another's privacy. In fact, the authorities have estimated that as many as 300 ladies may have used the comfort station before a particularly fastidious lady noticed his presence. America already provides ample locations for liberals to soak in degradation without infringing on the rights of others: For instance, one can serve on the faculty of the University of Massachusetts where, after soaking in five deliciously degrading days of student disruption, university chancellor Joseph Duffey capitulated to student demands for higher minority enrollment and ethnic food in the cafeteria. Then the worthy liberal declared that the confrontation was a "good education for them [students] and me, as well . . . and we are grateful to you [students] for reminding us of obligations we share as members of a community of learning." Phew!

•India may have hit upon a new form of birth control, namely: democratic politics or that facsimile of it that has been practiced ever since the unhappy termination of the Raj. Early in the month, at least thirty people were shot dead in political struggles in the Indian state of Tripura, and another thirty were injured in a melee among lawmakers on the floor of the State Assembly in the state of Tamil Nadu, where partisans of Mr. M. G. Ramachandran duked it out with the loyal opposition. So violent did the proceedings become that Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi dissolved the state government, a measure that should have been taken three decades ago. The United States House of Representatives failed to pass the President's $36.2 million contra aid package, which passed the Senate 51-48; and in Los Angeles Mr. Paul Jasperson, an AIDS patient, took the owner of a tony Sunset Boulevard toenail clinic to court, arguing that the clinic's refusal to give him what Californians call a "pedicure" was a violation of his civil rights. The defendant, Mrs. Jessica Vartoughian, is claiming that Mr. Jasperson's feet presented her highly trained professionals with a health hazard beyond any peril envisaged in the pedicurists' sacred oath, and condoms will be of no help.

•On the public nuisance front, Miss Joanna Michelle Clark, the only person—despite Admiral Stansfield Turner's boasts—to have served in our military as both a man and a woman, has become Sister Elizabeth Clark, an Episcopalian nun. Sister Clark, who was a Navy pilot and twice-married father of a son before having his genitalia revised at the Baptist Medical Center in Oklahoma in 1975, has perforce founded her own order, for sisterhoods all over the country rejected her though not necessarily for her anatomical capriciousness. As a lay person she had appeared not once, but twice, on the "Donahue Show." On February 4, a Vermont district court jury found Mr. Gary Ploof (pronounced plew'f) guilty of sexual harassment, despite his claim that the act was committed without his consent for he was asleep during its entirety. The expert on sleep disorders who testified on Mr. Ploof's behalf was not prosecuted. Luigi, a capuchin monkey who had a cameo role in *House of the Seven Gables* and played piano at New York's Palace Theater, died of a heart attack. Nicaragua's chief United Nations delegate, Miss Nora Astorga, died of cancer in Managua. She is the Sandinista temptress who lured an associate of Anastasio Somoza into her boudoir where his throat was slit—condign punishment that, and progressive Nicaragua's first fully prosecuted sexual harassment case. In Moscow, authorities reported the January 14 death of the Hon. Georgi M. Malenkov, who went from serving as Stalin's successor for ten days to managing a hydroelectric plant in Central Asia, and Mr. Richard Kozlow, co-founder and vice-president of Organic Farms Inc., the nation's largest distributor of organically-grown food, died at the age of 40, 31.2 years short of the American male's life expectancy.



•By the end of the month Republican Pierre du Pont and Democrat Bruce Babbitt had retired their respective campaigns for the White House, and Mrs. Annie Hunter of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, rushed her two pet gerbils to Allegheny General Hospital after they had inhaled carbon monoxide while playing with Mrs. Hunter's daughter, Tina. The Rev. Jimmy Swaggart, cousin to pop singer Jerry Lee Lewis, bid a lachrymose adieu to his TV audience after word spread that the television evangelist had been photographed Jimmy Bakkering with women of easy virtue. And those who admired his capacity to sweat on the tube should have seen him bawl. His tear ducts produced buckets before his televised apologies abated.

•Economic news continued to glow. The *Wall Street Journal* reported corporate profits increased by 51 percent in the quarter ending December 31. Average payment in 1987 by the tooth

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fairy soared to $1.00 per tooth, according to the American Academy of Dentistry. Armed men kidnapped an unarmed U.S. Marine, Lieutenant Colonel William Higgins, as he served with a United Nations peace-keeping force in Lebanon. And President Ronald Reagan sent his last budget to Capitol Hill where the assembled solons and numas were very grateful that it contained so few controversial proposals. From the Jacobins on the Hill, however, there was a prolonged grumble that Mr. Reagan's budgets since 1980 have shown only a 28 percent increase in food programs for the poor and but a 41 percent increase for poor families with children. Mr. Reagan's administration will be the first since 1960 in which federal spending for poverty programs did not increase faster than all other forms of government spending, making it considerably less profitable to be poor in America. Of course, "safety net" programs still account for half again as much spending as defense programs. Yet, so much more could be spent and so many more taxes could be raised, and America could again experience that happy time in the late 1970s when federal largesse flowed in ever greater abundance to the poverty class and the poverty class grew and grew, and the grinning dunce sat in the White House announcing, "Nothing can be done about it." If the present Democratic front-runners kiss enough babies, they can indeed return us to those happy days in 1989.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Rictal Robertson

Being a Midwestern Republican who happens to believe in God, I must take umbrage with the article by your Mr. Kent Owen that purports to speak for me ("The Republicans in Mid-America," *TAS*, February 1988). I suspect, from what he has to say, and the way he says it, that I was a mature Midwestern Republican when he was doing little yellow numbers in his didies, or more likely, Pampers.

Although my support is, and will be, on behalf of Jack Kemp (recognized as, indeed, quixotic) I resent that parvenu's attack on fellow Republican Pat Robertson. Mr. Robertson (I understand that was his preferred title for the campaign) strikes me as a credit to our party and, despite his "rictal grin" and belief in God, there is no reason to think he would not serve his country well in any circumstance. If there is any hysteria in Midwestern Republicanism, it should not be ascribed to those who "hold their cause to be the will of God," but, rather, on those who believe that God has no will, or that there is no God.

We are graced with a supply of candidates, all of them, who should be a part of government when the melee is over, should they choose to accept roles in it. To prefer one to another is essential, but to "put up with" the others is to come a little closer to the Jesse Jackson campaign and a slate of candidates none of whom are likely to do much for the Republic.

Absurdity is, and should be, tolerated in the young, and I admire Mr. Owen's writing ability, but if he is representative of Midwestern Republicans, count me out.

—Harry E. Johnson
Batavia, Illinois

Kent Owen replies:

It grieves me that this is the thanks I get for treating Pat Robertson with Judeo-Christian charity. Mr. Johnson should imagine the umbrage he might have taken, had I chosen to recount allegations about the sometimes reverend gentleman's military service in Korea, the financial and political entanglements of his Christian Broadcasting Network, and his experiments in faith-healing.

What Mr. Johnson misunderstands is that my purpose was to estimate how and why Midwestern Republicans regard their presidential candidates as they *seem* to do. To be sure, a presumptuous errand. The methods of the licensed social sciences exceed my competence and credulity, and I am seldom able to vouch for anybody's opinions but my own. But *TAS* caught me in an unguarded moment when, thanks to strictly secular revelation, it all was made dazzlingly clear. Hence, what Mr. Johnson considers a "parvenu's attack" on Mr. Robertson seems to me a fairly accurate description of why the great majority of Midwestern Republicans—most but certainly not all—don't and won't support the Virginian.

Actually, it is not just Pat Robertson himself but his more obstreperous campaigners —many of whom are identifiably evangelicals and fundamentalists—who annoy the Republicans of the Middle West—many of whom are *also* evangelicals and fundamentalists. Much of this has to do with sheer *hubris*: Where do so many of the Robertsonites get the notion that God has anointed them personally to rebuild the City of Man? God is a better judge of character than that. What's wrong isn't religious conviction, but the dogmatic certitude that the broad imperatives of faith can be realized in the narrow demand of political action.

Mr. Johnson generously discovers traces of youthful vitality in my words. Exactly the bucking up I need, now that I've ambled into my sixth decade. It may surprise him that I, still berompered, cast my first vote for Willkie—actually, my father's vote, which got thrust into the ballot box along with an all-day sucker.

All the same, I cannot agree that "absurdity is, and should be, tolerated in the young." This journal was founded to scourge that meretricious notion, and I see no reason to give up principled intolerance. In fairness, to avoid ageism (and in deference to Mr. Johnson) one must insist that intolerance be granted equally to the middle-aged and elderly who practice absurdity, knowingly or otherwise.

Put Billy on the Barbie

I was amazed to read some of the abject garble on the persona and reported problems of the Australian nation which appeared in the January edition of your publication under the byline of your correspondent, Mr. William McGurn ("Australia Turns 200: A Special Review of Robert Hughes's *The Fatal Shore* and Ross Terrill's *The Australians*").

While the bicentennary of English settlement in Australia may be an auspicious occasion to review books by two expatriate Australian authors, it is not, I suggest, an apt occasion for Mr. McGurn to present a vacuous and specious diatribe against what he believes is a fatal flaw in the Australian character—namely, a lack of national direction and identity. Not only does he incorrectly assume that Australians do not know where they are going (I found my way to the United States without too much difficulty to read Mr. McGurn's piece, despite Continental Airlines), but he also waxes lyrically that Australia, as a nation, will go nowhere until its "apathetic" citizens decide what sort of country they want to live in.

While the 16 million inhabitants of Australia have no immediate plans to take over the planet or launch World War III, they have a general idea about where they are headed and where their society is going. The elections of a Labor government in Australia in 1972 jolted many Australians into realizing that there was a world outside the borders of the United Kingdom and the United States, countries that until then, conservative governments in the island nation had closely tied their fortunes to.

With this realization—this new consciousness as many Australians have referred to it—was a clear image of nations which were ridden with violence, social and economic squalor, and useless chest beating; plagues which the Australian people wanted to forever insulate their society from. Born from this realization was a clear wish that the way to go for Australia was the continuation and advancement of a society that offers its citizens all the democratic institutions of the "free world" plus, at no extra cost, an enviable climate, a relaxed way of life, and a comparatively classless society with opportunity for social and economic advancement. It was, and still is, deemed that to strive for preservation and advancement of such a society is in itself an honorable and desirable goal.

As for Mr. McGurn's assertion that Australians are struggling with who they are and therefore do not know where they are going, it is true that a nation that has sprung from the loins of a penal colony which slaughtered the indigenous Aborigine to forge its way in a huge and inhospitable land, could have problems coming to terms with its identity. But this is no more of a problem for many Australians who are comfortable about who they are than, for example, the Californian who is proud to be a Californian, even though she or he may be somewhat ashamed to say that they originally hailed from Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

Mr. McGurn also gets upset with Terrill (*The Australians*) and Hughes (*The Fatal Shore*) when they call a spade a shovel. He states: ". . . both men unconsciously demonstrate the streak of immaturity that runs through Australian intellectual life today." Mr. McGurn obviously does not understand the Australian character if he is bothered by Terrill and Hughes's offhand manner and writing style. If this is intellectually immature, then let us toast immaturity of the intellectual type and hope, for the sake of freshness, clarity, and a good read, that there is much more of it in the future.

If Mr. McGurn is also aiming to be a prophet, he should not give up his day job as a journalist. Australians do not await an author who will have enough "vision" to write of the promise of Australia's future instead of just coming to terms with its past and present. Despite flood, drought, fire, politicians, and the British and imperial yoke, Australia has made it this far. Visions are for soothsayers and gin drinkers. A belief in the strength and will to perpetuate and improve an already prosperous society, married with an affable and historically determined people, is, I think, a ticket to the future, whatever it may hold. Or, Mr. McGurn, can people now live on visions alone?

—Wayne M-L Burns
Elizabeth Bay, Australia

William McGurn replies:

Regarding Mr. Burns's largely ad hominem letter, I'll confine myself to what appear to be the only two substantial issues raised. First, the apathy of the ordinary Australian is a theme that dominates *The Australians* and is implicit in *The Fatal Shore*. Although apathy would be infinitely preferable to the sort of incessant political agitation I suspect Messrs. Terrill and Hughes would favor—the sort that has found a ready home in the left wing of the Australian Labor party—to the extent that such apathy represents an indifference to the fundamental principles that sustain Australia as a Western-style democracy I believe it threatens the future of those freedoms. It is a measure of the problem that this basic proposition can be construed as synonymous with a plan "to take over the planet or launch World War III."

So, too, with the charge of immaturity in Australian intellectual life. Anyone who wades through the books in question is not likely to confuse the pimply vulgarity of those pages with a "fresh" and "offhand" style. Let the readers judge for themselves.

More German Horrors

We reader residents of Germany, where phone company horror stories abound, are stirred by your editor's tale of the Bonn government's compassionate decision to drop a third off the phone bill of an elderly lady who failed to cradle her telephone after a call to Kenya (*TAS*, "The Continuing Crisis," January 1988). The lady lucked out. One German family arrived home after a three-week vacation to find that thieves had broken into the house. Having found nothing of value to steal, the culprits had dialed Japan on the phone and left the receiver off the hook. The family was forced to sell the house to pay the phone bill. Would that the Bonn government were as hard on terrorists as it is on its own honest citizens!

—Nancy Ann Holtz
Wiesbaden, Germany

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EDITORIALS

SWAGGART'S SWEAT

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Those of us who have turned our televisions to the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart and admired his prodigious capacity to sweat have further grounds for admiration, for we have now seen him bawl. During his recent apologies for that mysterious scortatory adventure that brought him down his tear ducts produced a steady flow sufficient to soak his face, his shirt, and his clip-on tie. Yet, notwithstanding my admiration for his art, I will not classify the Rev. Swaggart's performance as an act of contrition. Rather it is a new phase in his charlatanry, a phase of phoniness that is increasingly prevalent, to wit: the rascal reformed and converted into a moral colossus.

The republic abounds with reformed rascals who have transformed past errancies into lucrative careers, for instance: the ex-drug addict, now lecturing others on the evils of addiction, or the ex-Watergate conspirator, now a specialist on the presidency. Presently the Rev. Swaggart will return as a superior authority on vices that many of his paying customers have always been too principled or too intelligent to commit. This goes too far. The Biblical story of the prodigal son is well known, and we all are obliged to forgive repentant sinners; but only in modern America does the repentant sinner promptly hang out a shingle, becoming a consultant on human frailty based on his own history of deviancy.

Americans are especially given to inviting these reformed rascals into the classroom to pontificate to the young, most frequently on what is now called substance abuse. Why educators favor this tactic I cannot fathom. Surely there must be some kids in the audience who note that their celebrated guest would be washing dishes for a living were it not for his adventures in sordidness. A role model who always had the strength to reject the allures of vice is almost certainly a safer bet to persuade the young against folly than the reformed rascal with his lurid past.

The Rev. Swaggart has always been a dubious defender of virtue. The early apostles impoverished themselves by preaching the gospel. Then they got themselves martyred. The Rev. Swaggart got himself a $2.4 million bungalow, limousines, and a private jet. All this he acquired by swiveling his hips while reading Scripture and denouncing other Bible-pounding humbugs as "pret-ty lit-tle boys with their *hair* done and their *nails* done, who called themselves *preachers*."

I will be persuaded by the Rev. Swaggart's tears of repentance if he does the decent thing and retires from public life completely. He and the other poseurs to virtue who have recently been exposed have given religion enough embarrassing moments and in a time when the only untried emollient for the American spirit seems to be a dignified resort to things spiritual. As Irving Kristol pointed out a decade ago, the American system has made good on its promises of material plenty and political freedom. Yet, as all the *enragés* of our various liberation movements make clear, America has not been able to provide its citizenry with a sense of moral satisfaction. That is the business of religion and philosophy.

It is an absolutely capital idea to infuse ethics into our politics, but it is an even better idea to keep religion out. Politics and religion are provinces abounding with frauds. The fraud who might prevail in both provinces will be an unsurpassed menace to freedom and to much else, for he will be claiming the sanctions of God and sanctions of Caesar. This is why the political campaigns of the Rev. Jackson and the Rev. Robertson deserve so little encouragement. The pretensions of ordinary politicians are oppressive enough; the pretensions of the political divine would be intolerable.

Conservatives in Washington such as Richard Viguerie are now welcoming the Rev. Robertson as the conservative leader of the future, the next Ronald Reagan. Well, boys, in the words of the poet S. Goldwyn, "include me out." There is a recklessness and a low-down meanness about the Rev and some of his associates that is best kept out of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

CARTER AND IRAN-CONTRA

To those critics and illustrious members of the media who have been hectoring candidate George Bush with questions—repetitive questions, I might add—as to when he knew of the arms-for-hostages deal with Iran and whether he approved of it, I have a suggestion. Take a break from the inquisition and read Gary Sick's *All Fall Down: America's Tragic Encounter with Iran*, a chronicle of the Carter Administration's dealings with Iran by a former National Security Council member responsible for those dealings. There the critics will discover something they all apparently have forgotten.

On October 11, 1980, Jimmy Carter approved shipment of a $150-million military package to the Ayatollah's holy warriors in return for the American hostages imprisoned in our Embassy. The package included "approximately $100 million worth of spare parts for various types of aircraft in the Iranian inventory." The Iranians did not respond to this ransom. If you think Sick's revelation erroneous let me direct you to the horse's mouth, as the phrase has it. During his October 28 presidential debate President Carter stated, "If the hostages are released safely . . . we would make delivery on those items which Iran owns." That is to say, military equipment.

What induced me to look all this up was that last November while in London I chanced upon a television interview of Jimmy Carter by David Frost, and there in London former President Carter once again defied custom: former Presidents do not speak ill of incumbents from foreign soil. Carter disparaged the Reagan Administration's $12-15 million deal for hostages. He pointblank denied that he would ever have made such a deal. The sanctimony

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of that answer inspired me to inspect the historic record, and, lo, the gods put into my soft, scholarly hands Sick's useful book.

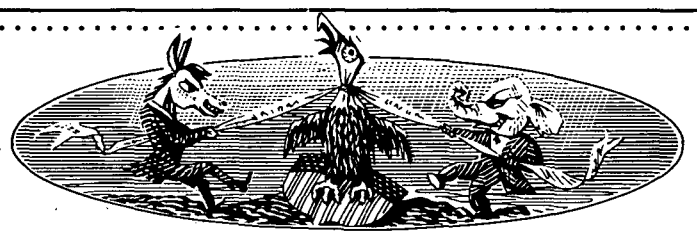
Perhaps the reason the Iran-contra-versy has never engaged more than the mild interest of the American people is that they smell the hypocrisy of the Administration's critics. After all, most of these critics are advocates of negotiating with any tyrant facing the United States under almost any circumstance. We red-blooded Americans know that the Reagan Administration made a mistake, but we recognize it as being precisely the same policy mistake that many of his critics champion. In fact, it is the same mistake Jimmy Carter committed in October 1980, though less expensive by $135 million.

Yet now Iran-contra is again in the news, though it is not Ronald Reagan who is being hectored but George Bush. The Vice President was not pursued by burning questions months ago when various investigative reports regarding Iran-contra came out, but he is now. That strikes me as curious. Moreover, he has answered that though slow to hear of it he "supported" the President's decision. Though uneasy about allowing Israel "operational control" of it, he openly shared the President's responsibility for not recognizing that the deal was becoming an arms for hostages deal.

Perhaps it is time for Bush to put questions to those who question him. Bush might ask Representative Lee Hamilton, chairman of the House Iran-contra committee: If Bush's role in Iran-contra was so critical, why was this not brought up during the investigations or in his Majority Report? Why, if Hamilton is "unclear" about Bush's role, was he not asking about it months ago? Of the media, particularly Dan Rather, he might ask: Why do they keep bringing up as hot news Bush's meeting in Jerusalem with Amiram Nir? The meeting was revealed last spring in the Tower Commission report. It is explained in *Looking Forward*, Bush's autobiography published in September. We can believe or disbelieve Bush's oft-repeated explanation of the meeting, but have the media come up with anything new here? Bush might ask Senator Robert Dole: If, as he says, "serious questions" remain about Iran-contra, why does not he, as the most powerful Senate Republican, take those questions to the President?

All these questions could have been asked, and some were, during the investigations. Why the brouhaha now? For the answer to this question, consult the calendar. The caucuses and primaries have begun, and it is open season on the front-runner. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



LONESOME HIGHWAYS

by Tom Bethell

It took four days to drive across the country, starting in Washington, D.C. By the time I arrived at Palo Alto in my weary Rabbit the odometer recorded a journey of 3001 miles. But this was surely an instrument error, as was suggested when I drove past several "measured mile" markers in California's Central Valley. The real distance, I believe, was close to 2800 miles.

The speed limit is now 65 mph the whole way across the country (on the interstate highways), and with the exception of several urban areas the road was never more than four-lane (two each way). Apart from one brief detour to the Petrified Forest (overrated) I stopped only when necessary, consumed 86 gallons of gasoline, which cost $77, and I whiled away the hours on the lonesome road listening to various "country" music hits on (mostly) FM radio. This sometimes proved difficult. For long stretches in New Mexico, Arizona, and California you are out of range of all FM stations and get nothing but silence no matter how much you twiddle the dial.

Before leaving Washington I visited the AAA office, and was surprised to learn that, apart from the far north and south, and omitting back roads, there are really only two routes from the East Coast to the West: I-80, via Omaha, Cheyenne, and Salt Lake City; and I-40, via Memphis, Oklahoma City, and Albuquerque. The southern route was recommended in the winter months, and that is the way I went. West of Oklahoma City I-40 used to be called Route 66, but there are no longer any such signs on the highway. In my imagination I had already traveled down Route 66 at a more leisurely pace, with Ma and Pa Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

The imagined road was perhaps more interesting than the real one, for there is not much to see along I-40. I stopped at motels in Knoxville, Tennessee; Henryetta, Oklahoma; Grants, New Mexico; and Bakersfield, California. At night on some of the more barren stretches in the West you have a sensation of being at sea, with surprisingly little traffic, stars out all around you, an occasional light visible on the horizon, nothing audible on the radio, occasional signs reading "Next Gas 100 Miles."

With my D.C. tags I sometimes felt a little alien, too. One or two truck drivers, I thought, were trying to read the newspaper lying on my back seat. I began to suspect they thought of me as the man from the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, or perhaps the Environmental Protection Agency; a bureaucrat escaped from Washington and spending a medlesome vacation checking up on "regional compliance." Friendly waves to truck drivers did nothing to allay suspicions, I noticed.

In Henryetta it was biscuits and gravy with the regular breakfast, and the men in the restaurant kept their cowboy hats on while they ate. (The man from OSHA was keeping a close eye on them, you can be sure.) Further on down the road, still in Oklahoma, a billboard read: "Had Enough Higher Taxes? Impeach Henry Bellmon." A former U.S. senator, now governor of the state, Bellmon was the first winner of the Strange New Respect Award and is one of those politicians who sincerely believe that Republicans should first of all safeguard the agenda of Democrats.

The general seediness of the Navajo reservation in eastern Arizona came as a surprise, as did the garishness of the endless, closely spaced billboards planted a few feet from the highway, advertising Indian goods. *These* billboards violated any number of regs, but of course they are off limits to bureaucrats because protected by treaty.

Someone should do a study of the effects of welfare on these Indian reservations. To date blacks have borne the brunt of such attention. But the reservations could make for an interesting laboratory because, in addition to the "generic" federal welfare programs, they also receive specifically Indian welfare. Therefore, if one's working hypothesis is that unearned handouts cause family breakup, unemployment, poverty, and crime, one might predict these conditions to be even more widespread on the reservation than they are in the inner city. I once suggested such a study to Charles Murray, the author of *Losing Ground*. He said it would indeed be useful but that it wasn't for him. Perhaps a liberal will volunteer for the task?

When within radio range I heard plenty of good music. For some reason the "country" idiom is now the vehicle

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for the best of American popular music. I don't know why this should be, any more than I know why it is called "country" (there is nothing bucolic about it). I repeatedly scanned the spectrum for black stations but could find nothing outstanding to listen to there. Black music seems to be far less creative than it once was, and by "once" I mean as recently as a decade ago.

The best American music now seems to be white, and of "working class" provenance. No doubt it always was the latter. I don't know how to account for the continuing vitality of the Nashville scene, but it must be taken as an encouraging sign for the country. The hot number as I drove across the continent—drove through Nashville, in fact—was K. T. Oslin's "Do Ya" (still love me), then climbing to #1 on the country charts. It's a small gem of the type that has been produced in abundance, like natural pearls, by the popular culture throughout this century. The performers that create these things appear out of nowhere and almost without exception peak immediately; then proceed on down the long downhill slide. (Can anyone think of exceptions to this rule of popular culture?)

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—William E. Simon
former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury and author of A Time for Truth

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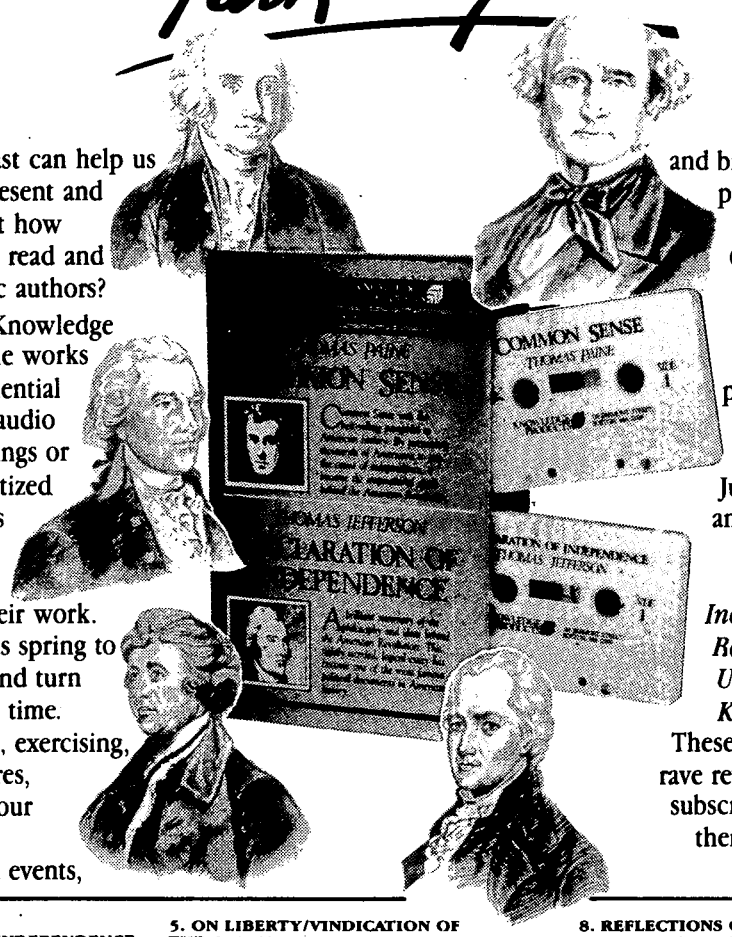

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Well, it was a relief to emerge from the Mojave Desert into California's Central Valley, where rain had briefly greened the Golden State. And so to Stanford, where last year's campus chant, "Hey hey, ho ho, Western culture has got to go!" has reached the front page of the *New York Times* (you read it here first, folks). As last year the undergraduates are basically studious and quiescent (what the left calls apathetic), very little disposed toward rebellion. But as in the country at large their main media (*Stanford Daily*) and "government" (student senate) bodies are captured by liberal activists who are not representative of the students as a whole.

It is the faculty, more noticeably than the student body, that harbors the malcontents—and of course they are for the most part the same old malcontents from the 1960s, now tenured. A number of them want to do away with the "core reading list" of the university's Western Culture requirement—replacing it with feminism, pluralism, Ancient Heresy, and the like. In a way these people object not so much to the aristocratic, privileged nature of the Western tradition as to the basis of that privilege: heredity rather than intellect. They would welcome a credential-based restoration of privilege. (And notice that just such a social transformation is wrought by Communist governments. Lenin implored his cadres to defer to experts.)

What the malcontent professoriate really objects to is not a society based on status so much as a society based on *contract*: the democratic market order. Within it they are unable to exert much influence and are conspicuously dependent on taxpayer handouts (over 40 percent of Stanford's budget comes from the federal government, for example). Johann Sebastian Bach they can live with, hierarchical and sexist though his times may have been. It's Waylon Jennings and George Strait they can't stand!

A pro-Western resistance movement has coalesced within the faculty. Their strategy (not a promising one) has been to make preemptive territorial concessions in order to preserve the central redoubts of Western Culture. (We'll give up St. Augustine if we can keep Shakespeare—that kind of thing.) Professor Alfonse Juilland of the French Department, as far as I know one of the few conservatives on the faculty, tells me that there is actually quite a sizable pro-Western resistance movement within the various departments. But, Juilland added, significantly, a number of these people are fearful of being identified and certainly wouldn't go so far as to speak out openly, especially if they don't have tenure.

This suggests that what has been go-

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ing on at Stanford is not so much a thoughtful and timely reassessment of its undergraduate curriculum as a quiet capitulation to newly powerful minorities armed with *de facto* accusation privileges. The president of Stanford, Donald Kennedy, has criticized this interpretation of events as a "cynical and irresponsible form of simplification." One would have more confidence in this opinion if Kennedy himself had not stood up before a Rainbow Agenda Forum on Racism at the university last spring and preemptively conceded the charge of "institutional racism" on behalf of us all even before the "Rainbow" representatives on the podium delivered their inadequate indictments. If this really has been nothing more than an "ongoing debate" intended to "broaden what Stanford offers its freshmen by way of a common intellectual experience," as Donald Kennedy says, why are some faculty members afraid to speak up? It is quite clear why they are afraid. They don't want to jeopardize their chance of advancement or run the risk of unjust accusations for opposing minority "demands." What we have at our elite universities today is a kind of left-wing McCarthyism, and few there are who will speak out against it.

It is interesting to note that among the (partial) defenders of the Western Culture requirements is none other than Professor Ronald Rebholz of the English Department, the university's resident Shakespeare expert. Well, one can see why he would be a defender. The delicious irony is that Rebholz has been perhaps the university's most vociferous critic of the Hoover Institution, tirelessly denouncing its alleged political bias, its ties to the Reagan Administration, and so on. (In fact, a recent study by George Marotta of Hoover showed an overwhelming political bias at *Stanford*, not Hoover. Four-fifths of the professoriate he surveyed were registered as Democrats, ten percent as independents. Hoover is far more evenly divided.)

I like to think that in the years ahead, as the tide of intellectual barbarism rises around him, Prof. Rebholz will be granted asylum in some lofty corner of the Hoover Tower, where he will be permitted to keep his Shakespeare books in safety, and students still surreptitiously interested in such matters will be granted safe conduct to his classes through some secret passageway. In return, no doubt he will be expected to reduce the frequency of his anti-Hoover statements, perhaps eliminating them entirely. But I am sure that he will be permitted to remain a registered Democrat.

One evening I attended a talk by Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, who uncontroversially defended the First Amendment. Lewis in person is much more moderate than Lewis in print. His talk was a bit behind the times, I thought, anachronistically worrying about excessive executive power (wallowing in Watergate), at a time of excessive legislative power. In answer to a question, Lewis's enthusiasm for the First Amendment seemed not to extend to such users of it as Rupert Murdoch. Lewis said his pillow had remained unstained by tears as a result of last minute, secret Senate maneuvering against Murdoch's ownership of papers in New York and Boston.

The next day I saw the *Nation*'s Christopher Hitchens strolling across campus. He was due to address a conference on terrorism at Cubberly Auditorium that afternoon. The general thrust of the conference was to question whether there really is any such thing as terrorism. Hitchens wittily claimed that terrorists, like witches, don't really exist. "Terrorist" and "witch" are mere labels affixed on the unsuspecting by their political opponents, he said. I objected that some women now really do call themselves witches, but I fear my contribution to the proceedings went unheeded. □

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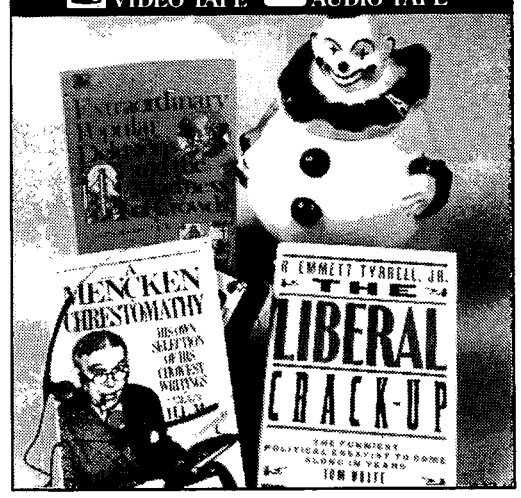

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Maurice Cranston

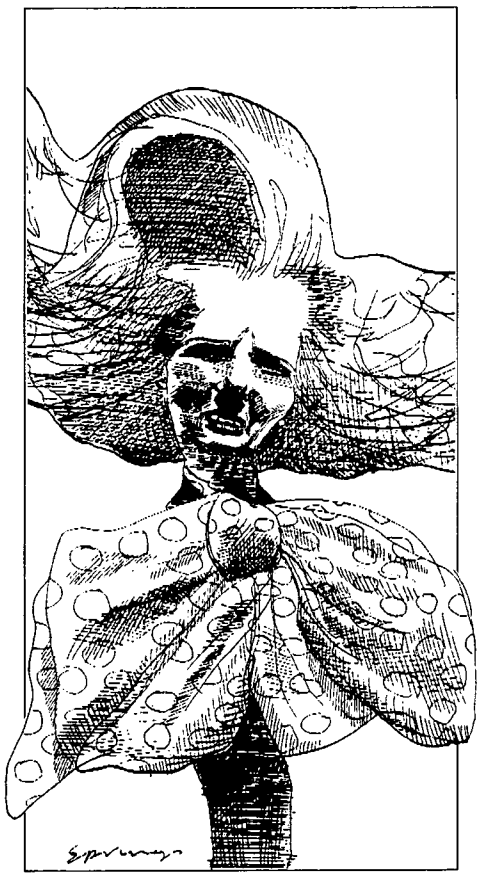
MARGARET THE MAGNIFICENT

May she reign forever.

Margaret Thatcher has been in office for longer than any other British prime minister in the twentieth century. She is the most militantly conservative of any British conservative leader, and yet she has done more than anyone to change the country, politically, economically, and socially. People even speak of a "Thatcher revolution." She does not like ideologies, but she has produced an "ism" of her own—"Thatcherism." No other British prime minister, not even Winston Churchill, has ever had an "ism" attached to his name. She wants to take government off the people's backs, and yet she has magnified the power of her own government in order to achieve that end. She has taken so much command into her own hands that she is more like a President—a Ronald Reagan or a Charles de Gaulle—than she is like a prime minister as hitherto known in the British constitution.

Her rise to power was wholly unexpected, and due almost entirely to a moral quality that has become more evident with every test she has faced: courage. When Edward Heath came up for re-election as leader of the Conservative party after its defeat in the general election of February 1974, no other Conservative member of Parliament had the strength of mind to stand publicly against him, even though privately most of those MPs disapproved of Heath's leftish policies and his charmless style. Margaret Thatcher, who was then a little known minister of education, a person of lower middle-class origins, and a woman, and thus a most unlikely candidate for leadership of the British Tories, took the risk of being accused of disloyalty by a Party passionately attached to the principle of loyalty and challenged Heath. She won by a handsome majority on a secret ballot. Heath sulked in defeat and made it all the easier for Mrs. Thatcher to rally the support of the party in a systematic movement to the right.

It soon became clear that she had another personal asset besides courage: energy. Mrs. Thatcher sleeps only a few hours at night, and for sixteen hours a day she is a high-powered dynamo of alert activity. Her colleagues and subordinates may tire and wilt, but she never does. If she has managed to gather virtually all the reins of government into her own hands, it is because fatigue has often made her Cabinet partners yield them more willingly than they might otherwise have done. On television, she often looks like the pro-



verbial school headmistress, yet she has always proved a pleasing person to meet in private life, gracious, neat, elegant, pretty, and also very courteous, in striking contrast to the arrogant, bombastic, and ill-mannered Edward Heath. Even the most senior Conservative politicians have seldom tried to oppose her will, and when they have they have usually failed.

Inevitably she has been compared to Ronald Reagan, with whom she shares a common outlook on many political principles and policies, but she has never enjoyed the almost universal acclaim experienced by Reagan at the height of his popularity, or faced the hostility he has had to endure since his opponents gained a majority in Congress. Winning three general elections in a row, she has always had a solid parliamentary majority behind her and an increasingly divided opposition, an opposition more effective in fighting in its own ranks than fighting against her. She has also had a certain amount of luck.

The unforeseen invasion of the Falkland Islands by the Argentinian dictator Galtieri enabled her to demonstrate her iron will as a patriotic leader in a war against aggression, and impose herself on the whole world as a formidable champion of liberty. The fact that left-wing elements at home and abroad supported the fascistic Galtieri despite all their claims to be "anti-fascist," made it all the easier for Mrs. Thatcher to capture popular feeling behind her cause. Nationalism of a patriotic sort became part of her re-invigorated conservatism, part of "Thatcherism." From the Falklands War onward she could count on the backing of a public that was far more broadly based socially than the traditional Tory constituency.

She was lucky again in that during her term of office the Social Democrats broke away from the Labour party to form a pragmatic alliance with the Liberals. In the British system of parliamentary elections, this meant that the anti-Thatcher vote could be numerically much greater than the pro-Thatcher vote without causing her to lose her majority of seats in the House of Commons. All she had to do to stay in power was to ensure that her party's candidates received one vote more than the highest vote attained by either of the two opposition candidates. It became all the easier for her to do this at the 1987 election, when the Labour party turned to extremism and so alarmed the British middle classes that many deserted the centrist Alliance to vote for Mrs. Thatcher in order to keep Labour out, with the result that the centrist Alliance rapidly disintegrated. Mrs. Thatcher had effectively eliminated the so-called "Third Force" from British politics, and restored a two-horse race that the Labour party has little prospect of ever winning.

One must not, however, attribute too much of Mrs. Thatcher's success to good fortune. For if luck helped her to capture support from people previously unsympathetic to the Conservative party, notably the working-class voters, it was will power alone that enabled her to remove from the leadership of that party its traditional upper-class bosses. For insofar as "Thatcherism" is an ideology, it is one that has made a clean break with two central features of the old school of British Toryism—paternalism and amateurism, with the unspoken implication that the ultimate power must remain in the hands of persons born and bred to rule, privileged people with a moral and benevolent concern for the underprivileged. It was the paternalism of the Macmillans, Douglas-Homes, and other such upper-class leaders that had produced years of "consensus politics" with the

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Labour party, a consensus that had only served to perpetuate the grip of socialism on the nation. Mrs. Thatcher made it her business to rid her own cabinet of people she called "wets" and replace them with people who shared her own dislike of "consensus politics." With the departure from her administration this January of Viscount Whitelaw, on grounds of ill health, the last representative of Tory paternalism left the stage. The aristocratic wets have by now completely given way to hard-working middle-class newcomers, as ambitious and unsentimental as Mrs. Thatcher herself.

This change of structure in her government was a necessary part of what has been her most important achievement, the conquest of trade-union despotism, which was choking the British economy to death. She forced the unions to accept democratic government. She put an end to the almost continuous strikes that were such a prominent feature of the British scene in the 1970s. She also brought inflation down from something like 20 percent to less than 5 percent. She removed the innumerable rules and regulations that previously thwarted commercial and industrial activity. She enabled the City of London to become the busiest financial center in the world. She made sure that budgets were balanced, and made the currency strong.

This is not to say that Mrs. Thatcher's Britain is a better place than it was thirty years ago under Harold Macmillan. Indeed to those who remember those days Britain as it now is can seem a horrid place, with three million unemployed, run-down schools, a defective health service, dirty streets, racial conflicts, prison riots, violent crime, dangerous railways, overpriced labor, incompetent management, heavy taxation, and even telephones that are constantly out of order. The case for Mrs. Thatcher's policies is that things would be very much worse if she had not come to power when she did. Her predecessor as prime minister was James Callaghan, a professional trade unionist, and the trade unions, in order to prove that he was their puppet and not their boss, staged a series of strikes such as had never before been experienced. The Labour government had to make repeated appeals to the International Monetary Fund to lend the country money and to prop up the failing pound. Britain appeared to be in a condition of terminal decline. The loss of the colonies, the failure of the smoke-stack industries to survive in the face of Asian competition, the inability of the gentlemanly ethos of the British elites to match the modernizing programs of their rivals in continental Europe, the low morale of the workers coupled with the tyranny of the union bosses, had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy when Mrs. Thatcher was first elected prime minister.

She immediately proposed a remedy: to get rid of socialism and revive the economy with the spur of competition. The most telling proof of the success of her formula can be seen in the eagerness with which other countries that have experienced socialism have followed her example. Even socialist party governments, such as those of Mitterrand in France, Lange in New Zealand, and Hawke in Australia, were persuaded by the success of Mrs. Thatcher's methods that socialism, after all, does not work, and free enterprise is best—best not only for increasing profits, but for producing more national wealth of the kind in which everyone shares.

"Thatcherism" is as much an economic as it is a political doctrine, even though Mrs. Thatcher herself did not

How Americans are wounding ourselves

Since the stock market collapse, Americans have been cautioned that this country's deep and lingering habit of buying more from overseas countries than it sells abroad is dangerous to the country's economic health.

But despite all that has been written and said about America's horrendous trade deficit, we'd like to state, loudly and clearly, that Americans have every right to pick and choose in the marketplace. The decision to buy an import, like any other purchase, is usually made in a rational way, with due consideration to price and quality. In all the hoopla, what hasn't been expressed, to our knowledge, is righteous indignation over the impediments this country itself has created to bedevil American companies trying to meet foreign competition, both at home and abroad. The issue isn't whether Americans buy too many foreign goods; rather, it's whether domestic goods can meet the worldwide competition—and that means the ability to sell in foreign markets, as well as in the U.S.

While protectionists take great glee in citing trade barriers erected by our trading partners, the fact remains that we're no slouches at erecting barriers ourselves—to exports, not imports, and to the ability of America's companies to compete worldwide. Here's what we mean:

● The foreign tax credit has been part of America's tax law since 1918. Most major nations have something similar—basically, a shield against double taxation. It means that taxes paid overseas on overseas earnings are credited against taxes due in the U.S. on those foreign earnings. The credit never applies on money earned domestically. But America has gradually eroded its shield over the years, especially in the tax reform measure passed in 1986. Under the new law, complex "baskets" of different types of income have been created for U.S. firms operating overseas. The net result has been a higher tax burden for American companies than the one carried by their foreign competitors.

● Most major trading countries don't tax income from overseas until the money is brought home—if any taxes are due after the foreign tax credit is applied. The U.S., however, requires reporting of such earnings as they accrue—and sometimes taxes that money even before it's sent home. For example, income from shipping operations is subject to U.S. taxes whether repatriated or not, and the result could be to drive U.S. companies out of that business.

● Tax reform eliminated the investment tax credit and decimated accelerated depreciation. The net result was predictable: Higher taxes on U.S. companies, while the taxes of foreign firms remained the same. We might also add that most foreign countries don't rely as heavily on income taxes as the U.S. They also have some form of broad-based consumption tax which is an incentive to save, and to export.

America's self-erected export barriers extend beyond the tax law. The extraterritorial application of U.S. antitrust laws, for example, could invite retaliation by foreign governments, and dampen American involvement overseas. So could certain limits on the export of nonstrategic materials and products. So, certainly, would provisions of the trade bill currently being debated in Congress—one of which would require U.S. review of investments foreign companies plan to make here, and which would no doubt spark retaliation.

Based on America's record of wounding itself in the area of foreign trade, it seems obvious that the nation's leaders have been paying as little attention to the trade deficit as the man in the street. If, in the wake of the new awareness sparked by the stock market collapse, foreign trade ranks higher on the national agenda, a major plus will have resulted from an awesomely large financial minus.

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take much interest in economics until she became prime minister. She was educated as a scientist and worked as a lawyer before she went into Parliament; as minister of education in Edward Heath's government she went along readily with the egalitarian policy of transforming selective grammar schools into comprehensive high schools. But when she decided to challenge Heath for the leadership, her closest support came from Sir Keith Joseph, an intellectual who argued for the free market philosophy of Adam Smith and Friedrich Hayek against the prevailing interventionist economic ideas of John Maynard Keynes. Inspired by Keith Joseph, she found in such sources an extensive theoretical underpinning for policies to which she was instinctively attracted—attracted, some people suggested, as a grocer's daughter who knew how to run a store. As a result, she has never been at a loss as prime minister in parliamentary debates to meet her adversaries on any level of theoretical or practical reasoning. Without being an intellectual, she can be dazzling in intellectual argument.

Forced to acknowledge her brains and her guts, her critics have usually questioned her heart. She is often accused of not "caring." During the miners' strike of 1985—the decisive test in her struggle to crush trade union despotism—she was repeatedly accused by bishops and other custodians of the moral law of being indifferent to the sufferings of the underprivileged. More recently, in her determination to impose a poll tax on everyone in place of the existing property tax—or rates—on property owners, she has been accused by the same critics of deliberately robbing the poor to ease the fiscal burden of the rich. Nevertheless, she has never modified her policies in response to such accusations, but seems rather to pursue them with all the more self-confidence and aplomb.

As a result, she is also probably the most controversial and not only the longest-serving prime minister of this century. Neville Chamberlain between 1938 and his resignation in 1940 was widely detested for appeasing Hitler, but Mrs. Thatcher's enemies seem to hate her with an even deeper hatred because it is her whole philosophy they detest. She has never been pilloried to the extent that Reagan has, although in that respect it has undoubtedly been to her advantage to be a woman. To the dismay of feminists (who seem hardly to regard her as a fellow-female) she basks in the chivalry of menfolk. The individuals she has fired from office—and that includes most of the old Conservative party mandarins—have bowed their heads gracefully to the axe.

She has alienated several of the most deeply entrenched institutions of the country without any visible loss of authority. The churches, especially the Church of England, the universities, and not least the elitist campuses of Oxford (which voted against awarding her an honorary degree) and Cambridge, the medical profession in its colleges and hospitals, scientists in their laboratories and scholars in their academies, have all used their enormous prestige and influence to attack Mrs. Thatcher, without making much impact on her popularity or any impact at all on her thinking. In the seventeenth century King James II was deposed for invading the privileges of these groups, but Mrs. Thatcher has successfully ignored both their reasoned arguments and their groans of discontent. Hence the charge that she is heartless.

It would be less than fair to suggest that she is heartless with regard to ordinary people's needs and rights. If taxation has increased rather than diminished while she has been in office, that is because she has put more money into health and welfare. Not that her critics think that this is enough, for the demands of the welfare state in Britain as elsewhere increase by leaps and bounds, so that there have been cuts in vital public services, side by side with even more waste in others.

The one problem that Mrs. Thatcher has failed to solve is that of the massive bureaucracy. Although Mrs. Thatcher took care to rid herself of certain civil service mandarins with as much dispatch as she rid herself of the old Conservative party mandarins, she has not been able to discipline the tens of thousands who flourish with tenured jobs in the lesser ranks, and she has failed to introduce efficiency into a civil service that has perfected over several generations the art of concealing and protecting its use of power.

This is perhaps the great weakness of her three administrations. Where she has not been able to provide the spur of competition, monopolies have become more wasteful, incompetent, and oppressive than ever—and this applies as much to such privatized monopolies as the telephone system as it does to such state-owned monopolies as the railways and welfare services. Most people in Britain are better off under Mrs. Thatcher's government than they were before she came to office. Wage increases on average are well ahead of inflation. There has been a 15-percent rise in consumer spending since 1980, a 30-percent rise in retail sales alone. But this prosperity is not evenly spread. There is still much misery in Scotland and the north of England, sites of the old decayed smoke-stack industries. In the south of England, where the money is, the price of housing has tripled in eight years while houses in the north are still cheap. This means that an unemployed worker cannot move to the south where labor is in demand because he cannot afford the housing. The revenues of North Sea oil, which once promised to make the whole country richer, are largely consumed in the provision of welfare payments to keep able-bodied unemployed in idleness in cities that developed around the factories and mills and mines of the Industrial Revolution. The productive centers of the "Thatcher revolution" are in London or in the high-tech industries that congregate around the universities and airports and harbors that are closest to continental Europe.

Mrs. Thatcher has undoubtedly made a success of Britain's membership in the European Economic Community. Previous governments took so long to make up their minds to join that they had to accept admission on terms dictated by France and Germany. Mrs. Thatcher, with her dogged refusal to make any sort of compromise, has changed all that. She has made her European partners knuckle under and allow Britain to benefit from membership on the same terms as the other European states, and her authority in the community is certainly no less than that of President Mitterrand or Chancellor Kohl. The Channel tunnel, which other governments have been proposing for over 150 years, has actually got started under her administration, and with private, as opposed to public, finance behind it.

Her foreign policy has been governed by a sense of the real as distinct from the ideal. She was one of the first Western leaders to speak of Gorbachev as a statesman with whom one could do business, without in any way softening her opposition to Communism. Likewise, she has shown, in dealing with South Africa, that while she is no less opposed to apartheid, she does not believe that economic sanctions against Pretoria will either make the Afrikaners introduce reforms or improve the condition of the blacks. Wild animals, she remembers, are tamed by skill and cunning and not by force.

She keeps her whip for use on domestic animals, and lately she has been waving it at the British press. American observers, used to a system where there are virtually no state secrets and a security service that leaks like a rusty bucket, are amazed that Mrs. Thatcher should spend so much energy in seeking legal restraints to stop active and retired agents from publishing their memoirs and revealing the inside dope on British espionage and counter-intelligence. Her argument is that the promise of silence all agents undertake is a contract like any other, and must be enforced; and that the public interest is not the same as what interests the public to read about in newspapers. Her view is that the real public interest demands a secret service that keeps its secrets, staffed by officers who keep their word. A Victorian view?

Mrs. Thatcher could well say that in Victorian times people would have done their duty without any legal action being needed to compel them. Courts have to be asked to act today because the old unwritten codes, the gentlemanly precepts of the past, no longer secure good behavior. In a very important sense of the word, Mrs. Thatcher is *not* a liberal. She wants to release people from the constraints of the state, of written laws and regulations, but at the same time to restore the authority of society itself, of unwritten laws and of morality. She repudiates the liberal doctrine of John Stuart Mill according to which society is the enemy of liberty. For her, freedom resides in a community where each individual freely follows the promptings of conscience, freely accepts the need to be honest, scrupulous, industrious, and just, and in which society disciplines itself, through the power of custom, habit, and tradition. She would like to see teachers and parents transmit those values to the young to a greater extent than is done at present, schools and family life in Britain having much the same defects today as those in America.

This is why Mrs. Thatcher has found herself promoting innovations that entail an increase rather than a lessening of state power. She is introducing a "national curriculum" of subjects to be taught in schools, taking control away from locally elected bodies and vesting it in the central government. She is putting the universities under the tutelage of a new authority that will be dominated by bureaucrats. She has fortified the existing broadcasting monopolies, in order the better to resist the propagation of violence and immorality by the media. She would like to have tougher law-and-order policies than the majority in Parliament will allow. Most of these provisions must be understood as means toward the re-education of the nation. When that process is complete, and society proves able to rule itself without the intervention of central government and the law, she would expect to see the state withdraw from the social sphere as she has already withdrawn it from the economic. To this extent she seems to agree with Karl Marx: the state must be enlarged before it can wither away. □

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Marin Strmecki

OPERATION AVALANCHE AND SOVIET CAPITULATION

Gorbachev wants out of Afghanistan, but if we cut off aid to the resistance he may never leave.

Within the last six months, the war in Afghanistan has moved into a dramatic new phase, both on the battlefield and around the negotiating table. While the Afghan resistance's classic small-scale, hit-and-run guerrilla tactics have long frustrated Moscow's efforts to consolidate control over the country, for the first time resistance forces have demonstrated in key strategic areas a new capability to hold their own in limited conventional battles at times and places of their own choosing. At the same time, probably partly as a result of this escalation, Mikhail Gorbachev has made a string of concessions in the so-called U.N. proximity talks on the war, including most recently an offer to begin on May 15 a ten-month withdrawal of Soviet forces, though the proposal remains contingent on an immediate cut-off of outside assistance to the Afghan resistance.

•In late January, Afghan resistance fighters using long-range mortars destroyed an estimated 300 Soviet vehicles in the strategic Kunar valley in eastern Afghanistan. Earlier in the month, a coalition of forces from both moderate and fundamentalist Afghan resistance groups succeeded in slowing down, and occasionally pushing back, Soviet and Afghan government columns attempting to relieve the besieged garrison in the eastern city of Khost.

•In December, a force of 5,000 resistance fighters attacked enemy security posts and bases along a 40-kilometer front east of Kabul. A contingent of 500 guerrillas overran two belts of security posts around the capital and got within range to fire more than one hundred 122mm rockets at the city's government district, which includes the presidential palace.

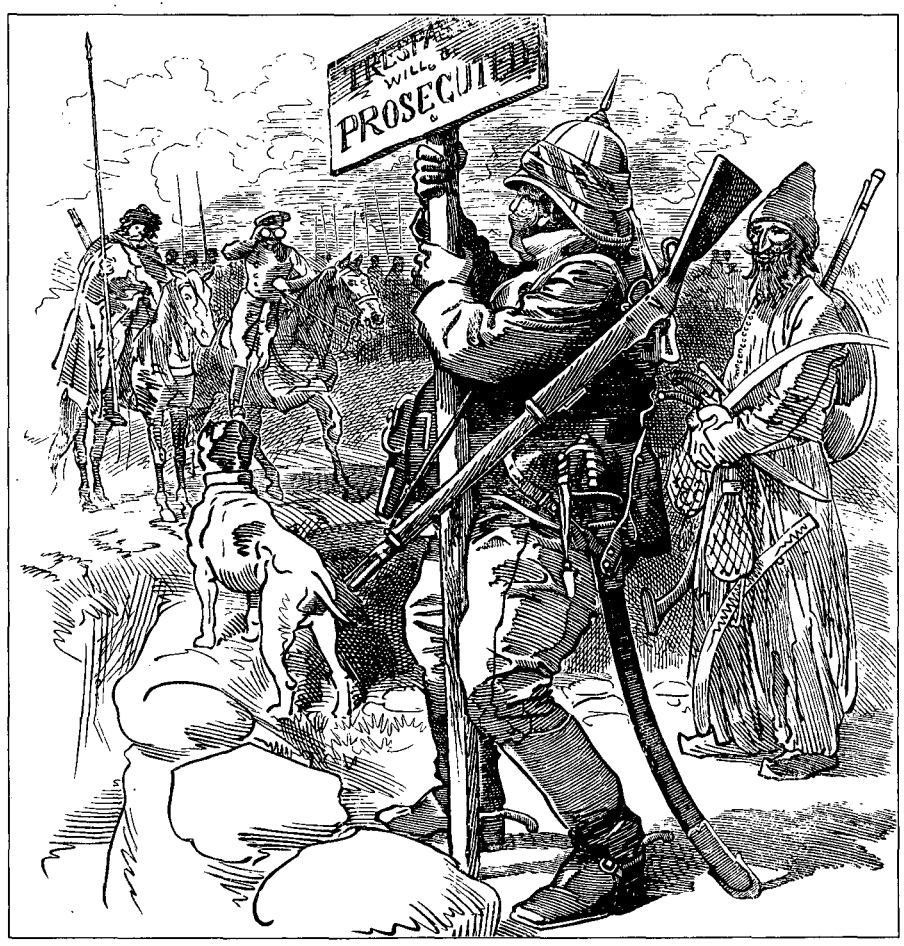
•In November, a coalition of resistance forces launched an offensive against Soviet and Afghan government positions along a 55-kilometer front in the Kunar valley.

While these all involved a new order of magnitude for resistance fighting capability—and in the casualties inflicted on enemy forces—the most successful such operation, code-named "Avalanche," inaugurated the new phase in the war last July.

General Abdul Rahim Wardak of the National Islamic Front of Afghanistan (NIFA), one of the seven resistance organizations based in Peshawar, Pakistan, commanded the insurgent forces. In a three-hour personal briefing, Wardak, who as an officer in the Afghan army before the Communist coup in 1978 had been graduated with distinction from three U.S. military science training programs, gave a detailed account of the battle, supported by operational maps and classified resistance intelligence and military documents.

Operation Avalanche was reported by a three-man CBS camera crew, and Pakistani and U.S. intelligence agencies were able to confirm some of the specific enemy losses. While major national newspapers ran brief stories of the battle soon after it took place, the following account provides operational details that for security purposes were not revealed immediately but that demonstrate more clearly than the initial coverage the growing military sophistication of the Afghan resistance.

Wardak's plans targeted a 65-kilometer stretch of Highway 1, the main roadway from Kabul to the Khyber Pass and a vital supply line for Soviet units in eastern Afghanistan. A 2,000-man assault force—code-named "Yarmuk" after the battle in which Byzantium lost the Middle East to Islam in A.D. 636—was to strike the two-lane asphalt road where it ran parallel to the Kabul River and threaded through the 600-foot-deep Sorubi gorge. Its objectives included interdicting Highway 1, striking two dozen roadside enemy posts and bases, and destroying several bridges and two nearby hydroelectric power stations.



Platoon-size enemy security posts and a half dozen larger bases—which Wardak's intelligence officers reported were manned almost entirely by Soviet troops rather than the demoralized conscripts of Kabul's army—stood every 300 to 500 meters along the road. This created interlocking fields of fire, and these posts were further protected by positions on the bluffs above. Enemy troops were equipped with heavy machine guns, automatic grenade launchers, mortars, recoilless rifles, and AK-74 assault rifles, and tanks or armored personnel carriers (APCs) were stationed at one out of every two or three posts. They were supported by artillery, rocket launchers, and heavy mortars at nearby Soviet bases. Moreover, if the Soviet military command threw in its division-sized reinforcements from Kabul and Jalalabad, Wardak's assault force could have found itself outnumbered by more than twenty to one.

Wardak's plan assigned separate sectors of the road to four task forces, which he designated, from the left flank to the right flank, as Alpha, Bravo, Delta, and Charlie. Each was composed of 300-750 men and included specialized assault and demolition teams. A fifth task force, Echo, made up of 3,000 men, was to serve as a ready reserve and provide for defense against enemy counterattacks by blocking key mountain passes to prevent Soviet flanking maneuvers and by preparing ambushes at potential landing

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areas for Soviet heliborne assault forces.

Each task force was to establish both frontline and fall-back positions. Resistance forces were to be armed with AK-47 assault rifles, rocket-propelled grenades, heavy machine guns, recoilless rifles, mortars, single-barrel rocket launchers (SBRL), and some with multi-barrel rocket launchers (MBRL). A major MBRL detachment and additional air defense units equipped with heavy machine guns and SA-7 and Stinger missiles further backed up the task forces.

Wardak's plan was to force the hand of local Soviet commanders. If they wanted to send reinforcements to relieve the besieged security posts and bases in and around the Sorubi gorge, they would have to send them up Highway 1—right into the teeth of the firmly entrenched task forces.

Only a few days before the operation, it appeared someone had tipped the enemy off because Soviet forces suddenly began to reinforce the security posts and bases along Highway 1. But Wardak decided it was too late to turn back. Operation Avalanche had required a massive logistical effort, with 250 to 300 tons of ammunition carried in on horses and mules and on foot, first to forward assembly areas and then to the front. Moreover, it was possible that while the Soviets might know something was up they might not know enough to foil the operation.

Just in case, however, Wardak did make two changes. First, he changed the hour of attack. Originally the plan was to attack at dawn, when intelligence reports indicated even enemy guards tended to be asleep. He now opted to attack in the late afternoon, thereby allowing resistance forces several hours' progress before nightfall. Meanwhile the enemy would be blinded by the sinking sun, have too little time to bring in major reinforcements, and probably ground his air power after nightfall. Second, he decided to hold back in the first phase of the operation. He would initiate attacks with his forward forces, see how the enemy responded, and only then choose whether to commit his full force or pull back.

Gorbachev continues to insist that all aid must end by the start of the Soviet pull-out, which in effect would cut the resistance off from any new supplies for almost a year.

When the first battle reports reached Wardak, he decided he could safely throw his full force into combat. Alpha had hit an ammunition dump at a Soviet base and pinned down all enemy forces in its sector. An Alpha commando unit had struck the Sorubi hydroelectric station, damaging it severely, with a column of thick black smoke rising into the evening sky. Bravo, Delta, and Charlie had each destroyed some enemy posts with mortars and rocket fire, as well as taking out several tanks and APCs.

Later, a problem arose when the MBRL commander informed Wardak that hazy skies and approaching darkness made adjusting fire to hit targets around Sorubi increasingly difficult and asked whether he should break off for the night. With hundreds of rocket rounds at the site, Wardak knew it would be clearly visible and highly vulnerable to air strikes in the morning. He therefore decided to adjust fire by radio from the command post, which had a better line of sight. After zeroing in on Sorubi with the help of a local resistance fighter, Wardak gave the order to "fire in group." Over the next few hours more than 700 107mm rockets soared into the evening sky, with about 200 landing directly on the Soviet cantonment area in Sorubi.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Wardak received word from Charlie and Delta that a Soviet supply column returning from Jalalabad to Kabul was traveling toward the eastern mouth of the gorge. The Soviet forces apparently thought that the resistance—in keeping with its traditional hit-and-run tactics—had pulled out after the previous night's attack. That turned out to be a fatal miscalculation. By radio, Wardak ordered his forces to hold their fire. First, he waited for the column to cross the Kah Kas bridge. A demolition team from Charlie blew the bridge up. He then ordered Delta to let the convoy into the gorge—in effect holding the door open as it passed. Once the Soviet forces were inside, he slammed the door shut.

For the next four hours, a special detachment of Alpha operating in Bravo's zone pummeled the tanks, APCs, and trucks with fire. Soviet troops desperately scurried in search of cover. As one vehicle after another burst into flames, it was foolish to stay near them. But Soviet troops had no place to hide. The walls of the gorge ran down to the left-hand side of the road, and on the right-hand side ran the surging white-water rapids of the Kabul River. A few vehicles managed to escape; no one in the remainder of the convoy survived.

Three hours later, Wardak received word from task force Alpha that a Soviet armored column was approaching the northern mouth of the gorge, coming from Kabul apparently to relieve the besieged posts or to evacuate the dead and wounded from the first convoy. Since resistance forces had never before been able to mass the fire power necessary for a protracted conventional engagement, Soviet officers evidently believed the first two rounds of fighting had exhausted the insurgents' ammunition. Wardak knew differently. Again, he held the door open until the whole column had driven into the gorge. Again, the forces of Alpha's special detachment ripped the Soviet forces apart with withering fire. Resistance fighters nearest the road later said the smoke from burning tanks, APCs, and trucks was so thick it made breathing difficult.

Altogether in the two ambushes, resistance fighters estimated that they destroyed nineteen tanks and APCs and fifty-one trucks and killed more than 400 Soviet troops.

Normally, after a quick victory Afghan forces would have pulled out to escape the wrath of Soviet airpower. But this time the resistance units stayed put. While the drone of Soviet reconnaissance planes began before sunrise and the bombardment of fighter-bombers soon after, it did little to help Soviet ground forces. Jets scattered butterfly mines and dropped napalm, high-explosive munitions, and cluster bombs. But after resistance air defense forces shot down an SU-20 with a Stinger missile, enemy aircraft retreated to higher altitudes, thereby diminishing their accuracy. (In addition, Bravo used a rocket-propelled grenade and heavy machine guns to shoot down a helicopter flying at extremely low altitude to avoid the threat of anti-aircraft missiles.) Moreover, Wardak's task forces and enemy units were soon so close to each other that Soviet pilots could not hit one without imperiling the other. As a result, almost all the enemy's unrelenting bombardment fell harmlessly to the rear of resistance positions.

Under the cover of their air-defense weapons, the resistance task forces vanquished the remaining Soviet forces over the next few days, overrunning and shelling posts and bases and hunting down scattered Soviet troops. A major column of enemy reinforcements tried to push through from Jalalabad, but was severely handicapped by the need to travel single file down the road. When the Soviet force reached Charlie's entrenched positions, a few of the lead vehicles were set on fire, and the rest were stopped in their tracks. The enemy retreated after six hours of indecisive combat. Upon regrouping, the column tried to advance up the road first at dusk and later in the dead of night but failed.

By July 9, Wardak's men had achieved most, though not all, of their major objectives. By now, however, the Soviets had had enough time to react

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with maximum force and Wardak had no illusions about his ability to control the area indefinitely. Resistance logistics simply could not keep front-line forces supplied with the hundreds of tons of ammunition needed for sustained conventional operations. He therefore decided to withdraw the bulk of his men and leave only a small residual force to harass reentering Soviet units, thereby blocking the road another three days.

While Afghan resistance losses totaled only thirty-eight men killed and wounded, Wardak's men estimated that they destroyed four jets, one helicopter, fifty tanks and APCs, eighty-three trucks, four bridges, nineteen Soviet posts, three Afghan government posts, three Soviet bases, and one major hydroelectric plant. Resistance commanders also estimated enemy fatalities at eighty to one hundred Kabul government troops and 900 to 1,000 Soviet troops. Pakistani intelligence estimates paralleled those of the resistance. Some U.S. intelligence sources said that the resistance estimates were "in the ballpark," and others would confirm only that about 200 to 400 enemy troops were killed.

Whether one accepts the high or low estimates, operation Avalanche amounted to one of Moscow's worst defeats in eight years of fighting. Soviet troops requisitioned all the civilian buses in nearby towns to transport the dead and wounded to Kabul. Resistance agents reported that after the operation Soviet trucks took away piles of dead bodies from the base at Sorubi. A few days later, high-ranking Soviet and Afghan government generals toured the battlefield.

Operation Avalanche's effects reverberated in Moscow. On July 16, in an uncharacteristically candid comment, Foreign Ministry spokesman Boris Pyadyshev said the Afghan guerrillas had achieved a measure of battlefield superiority and that "U.S. policy is leading Afghanistan into a deadlock situation." Four days later, Gorbachev had a hastily arranged meeting with Afghan puppet Najibullah. An American businessman with close ties to top Soviet leaders said they were "shaken" by the defeat.

It is easy to see why. While none of the individual resistance actions—striking a power plant, ambushing a convoy, blowing up a bridge, or overrunning a garrison—were unprecedented, operation Avalanche as a whole was. It took place in one of the most strategically vital areas of Afghanistan, involved coordinated operations along an extended front, included specialized assault and demolition teams assigned specific tasks as part of an overall plan, and proved that resistance forces could decisively defeat a force composed purely of Soviet troops. No single battle turns the tide in a war. But if the Soviets finally do pull out and permit the Afghans to restore their independence, operation Avalanche and the other subsequent large-scale engagements will undoubtedly have played a role in convincing Gorbachev that there was no light at the end of the tunnel.

Among other things, operation Avalanche also demonstrated how filling just two specific military needs of the resistance—radios and air-defense missiles—can pay off in major Soviet losses. But serious gaps still remain in the military assistance the Afghans receive from the United States, Pakistan, China, Saudi Arabia, and some West European powers. Among the aid still needed:

Secure radio communications would enable the resistance to execute more large-scale, coordinated operations, to warn supply caravans of Soviet special operation forces lying in ambush, and to improve the accuracy of resistance artillery by posting spotters near the target to adjust fire via radio. (For all their importance, communications during Avalanche were only partially secure.)

More Stinger missiles would enable the resistance to shut down isolated Soviet and government garrisons that can be resupplied only by helicopter.

Higher-range anti-aircraft missiles stationed in the large areas of rural Afghanistan under resistance control could shoot down high-flying Soviet transports and reconnaissance planes.

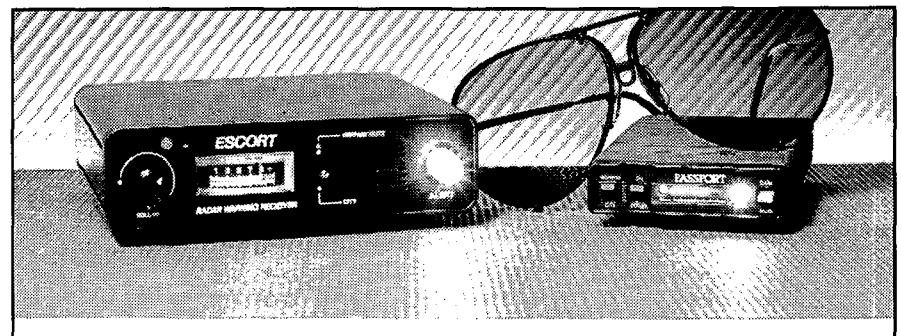
Longer-range anti-tank weapons would open up a greater array of potential targets during a major battle. They would also cut down on losses among rocket-propelled grenade operators, many of whom are killed by enemy fire as they try to get within a couple of hundred yards to shoot at tanks and APCs.

Range-finding equipment would help resistance forces overcome their difficulty with mortar and rocket fire. Resistance units seldom have the time to fire enough rounds to home in on their target before Soviet artillery, aided by high-tech equipment to fix on resistance positions, returns the fire. With range-finding equipment, the resistance could make its first shots count.

Professional military training would enable the resistance to field soldiers rather than warriors. Fighters now receive a few weeks of schooling in weapons operation and maintenance, but they still do not receive needed training in battlefield tactics and the elementary principles of the military art.

It is still not certain that Gorbachev has concluded the war in Afghanistan is unwinnable. While he has said the "political decision" to withdraw has been made, shortened the pull-out timetable to ten months, and offered to remove the bulk of his forces in the first two months and to prohibit offensive operations during the withdrawal, several key issues in the U.N.-sponsored proximity talks remain unresolved. The most important is the termination of outside assistance to the resistance. Gorbachev continues to insist that all aid must end by the start of the Soviet pull-out, which in effect would cut the resistance off from any new supplies for almost a year.

This is reason enough why the U.S. should not rush into a deal on Gorbachev's terms. A dispute has recently erupted over whether the State Department pledged itself to an immediate cutoff in 1985. It did indeed make such a commitment, and without White House knowledge. However reckless the action, at least it was part of a proposal that called for a much quicker Soviet withdrawal. In short, the U.S. need not feel bound to this State Department pledge. What the United States should insist on in the current negotiations is an agreement under which assistance to the resistance is phased down in amounts proportionate to the withdrawal of Soviet forces. The accords should also stipulate that when the Kremlin completes its withdrawal, the cutoff of outside military aid will apply not only to the Afghan resistance but also to Afghan Communists. Without such guarantees, the U.S. will have no way of knowing whether Gorbachev's current peace offensive amounts to anything more than a cynical attempt to put an end to arms shipments to the Afghan resistance. □



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Franz Oppenheimer

MITTERRAND'S FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS: INTRODUCING CHIRAC AND BARRE

The coming French presidential election is one the U.S. cannot possibly lose.

"Though by the force of circumstances we are rivals, we are neither adversaries nor enemies, for we are both committed to the same values and to the same kind of society."
—Raymond Barre about Jacques Chirac.

On a fall day in 1949 a tall, well-dressed industrialist stood on a dock in Dunkirk to wait for the arrival of a 5,000-ton freighter from Algiers and Morocco on which his 17-year-old son, Jacques Chirac, served as an apprentice seaman. When the son came down the plank, his father told him he was an idiot, and took him straight back to Paris. And that is why Jacques Chirac did not become a captain in the merchant marine, but twice prime minister and one of the three leading candidates for the election of a French president in May.[1]

Although Jacques Chirac grew up in Paris, his family's roots are in Corrèze, the geographical center of France, where his two grandfathers were teachers. Chirac's father had also started his career as a teacher in Corrèze, but he soon turned to banking, became the manager of an important branch of the Banque Nationale du Crédit in Paris, the personal banker of one of the founders of the French aviation industry—Marcel Daussault's one-time partner, Henry Potez—and eventually chief executive officer of Potez's airplane manufacturing company. When Jacques Chirac went to sea instead of following his father's wish to prepare for the Ecole Politechnique, the elite French engineering school, it was an act of liberation from an authoritarian father figure. But it was not an act of rebellion; not only did Jacques come home from the sea, but while there he kept in touch with his parents. Once back in Paris, Chirac, to the surprise of many and to the delight of his parents, set out upon the classic obstacle course of studies leading to the top echelons of the French Civil Service—Sciences-po (Institute of Political Studies of Paris) and ENA (National School of Administration). His study there was relieved by a summer term at Harvard, where he earned his keep washing dishes at a Howard Johnson on Harvard Square for three days (after which he was promoted to the counter) and where he became briefly engaged to a Radcliffe girl from South Carolina.

By contrast, Raymond Barre, the center right's rival candidate for the presidency, reached government service by a less classic route and from a very different background.[2] He was born in 1924, 6,200 miles away from France in Saint-Denis-de-La-Réunion, the capital of the island of La Réunion in the Indian Ocean. Barre's mother came from one of the oldest French families of the island. Little Raymond grew up in his grandparents' house situated in a garden large enough to be called a park, in which three fountains played. The family was looked after by a maid, a driver, a gardener, a laundress, and a nurse for Raymond and his two sisters. When Raymond was only four, his father, who had built up a large export-import business with his wife's money, had to file for bankruptcy, a scandalous occurrence in the world of the island's bourgeoisie. And although acquitted of a charge of fraud, he felt compelled to leave the island. Raymond never saw his father again.

There are no outward signs that the disappearance of his father wounded Raymond Barre. His school years were years of triumph, marked by a yearly prize for excellence and yearly first prizes in many subjects. The war was far away and hardly touched the tropical island. After graduation from high school, Barre studied law for two years at the local law school from which, although not an accredited university, he received a law degree accepted by the University of Algiers. In 1944, just before his twentieth birthday, Barre was drafted but remained mostly in Madagascar, far from the fighting. At the end of 1945 his class was discharged; and after only a few days in his home town, he left for France to complete his studies.

This was the first time that Barre, now 22, encountered metropolitan France, apart from a year spent there as a little boy with his family before the war. He studied law and economics, and like Chirac, graduated from Sciences-po. After three years he submitted his thesis for a doctor's degree in jurisprudence on the role of time in economic analysis, a thesis preceded by quotations from Paul Valéry and St. Augustine, and closed with a quotation from Proust: "I cannot stand matters of intellect, what I love is life and movement."

Nevertheless, Barre's life continued in the service of the intellect. He became in turn a professor at the University of Caen, at the University of Tunis, and, finally in Paris, after having published a treatise on political economy in 1955 that has rivaled Samuelson's text on economics in longevity and in the number of new editions.

In 1959 Raymond Barre's and Jacques Chirac's careers finally converged. For Chirac a start in government service came as a matter of course following his graduation from ENA. Barre's turn came when he was asked by a newly appointed minister of industry, with whom he had been on a study mission to the Soviet Union, to become his chief of staff. The brilliance of both men brought them quickly to the attention of their superiors, both became cabinet ministers, and both successively prime minister under President Giscard d'Estaing, and thus, by necessity, politicians.

Not that the horizons of these men are walled in by politics. (The same can be said of President Mitterrand, who seems almost certain to be again the candidate of the left.) Under the tutelage of a picturesque White Russian, who was something like an honorary grandfather in his parents' house, Chirac in his teens became passionately interested in Russian literature, Chinese art, Persian civilization, and Hindu philosophy—interests that never left him. At the same age he filled his room with reproductions of modern paintings: Chirico, Balthus, Picasso, Miro, and Kandinsky. He knows and admires the difficult poetry of Saint-John Perse.

Raymond Barre, like Mitterrand, is enormously well read. At age 16, to quote his biographer Amouroux, "he will discover Proust, embracing him as one embraces a religion; a religion to which he will always remain faithful." Indeed one of Barre's proudest possessions today is a Proustian relic: Proust's ink pot. Barre knows Goethe well enough to quote him in his economic treatise. His passion for paintings makes him go on a pilgrimage to Venice every year to look at Tintorettos, Carpaccios, and Titians—but only at a single painting a day.

But while Barre and Chirac are alike in their breadth of interests, they are different in temperament. Barre is aloof and not given to easy intimacy. He kept his students at a distance as a professor, and he kept his staff at a distance as a minister. He is not without a talent for making friends, but essentially he likes to work and think alone. It is difficult to imagine

[1]Most of the information on Jacques Chirac is drawn from the superb current best-seller *Jacques Chirac*, by Franz-Oliver Giesbert (Editions du Seuil, Paris 1987). Chirac has written, but not published, an autobiography often quoted by Giesbert. A short extract from that autobiography was published in the *Nouvel Observateur* of January 15, 1988.

[2]Most of the information on Raymond Barre is drawn from *Monsieur Barre*, by Henri Amouroux (Editions Robert Lafont, Paris 1986).

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him doing the sweaty work of Chirac and Mitterrand in taking over and reshaping a big political party.

For Chirac, happiness, in the words of Disraeli, can only spring from the affections. His rise would have been unthinkable without his close ties with his chief, Georges Pompidou, his counsellors, and his staff. When Pompidou was out of power, Chirac went to see him every day. For Chirac spending his weekends on long drives to and in his constituency, stopping in numberless bistros and city halls, talking to children in hospitals and farmers in the market is a joy not a chore. The comradeship with the men and women of his staff is reminiscent of that in a happy boarding school; there is no Spanish protocol, no exclusive entry through antechambers. Never could Chirac take umbrage, as Giscard did with him, when a staff member enters unannounced through a side door. And it is unimaginable that someone on Barre's staff could answer his chief's question "How did I do on the talk show last night?" by saying, as did a member of Chirac's staff, "You were even more idiotic than usual."

Neither Barre nor Chirac became a politician by design. Chirac was asked by Prime Minister Pompidou to run for parliament in 1966; Barre ran in 1978 because as Giscard's prime minister he felt compelled to defend on the hustings the Barriste program, then under vicious attack from the left. But while Chirac took to politics with the zest of a man who has discovered his vocation, Barre, with equal electoral success, has never been able to think of himself as a politician. Their respective entries in *Who's Who in France* (1985-1986) are characteristic; they begin "BARRE (Raymond, Octave, Joseph), Professor ['Universitaire'], former prime minister, member of the legislature," and "CHIRAC (Jacques, René), politician, former prime minister, mayor of Paris, member of the legislature."

Apart from fortuitous events, these differences in temperament account for the present rivalry between Chirac and Barre far more than differences in political programs or values. Indeed, except for their opposing stances on cohabitation, it is hard to discover any issue that could make a voter decide between them. Barre's Common Cause-like distaste for party politics, and the discipline of his economic thinking, sometimes cause him to forget the partial truth of the observation (made by one of Disraeli's cynical fictional characters) that a public man ceases to be practical the moment he is logical. Chirac's fervent identification with his constituency and his friends, and his sensitivity to political necessities, tend to push him in the opposite direction: he can cease to be logical the moment he wants to be practical.

The hemorrhage in France's foreign exchange reserves produced by the chaotic strikes and demonstrations of May 1968 showed the two men at their characteristic best. France desperately needed a loan of $2 billion from the central banks of the other members of the European Community, but the community's ministers of finance, led by Franz Joseph Strauss, sought to make devaluation of the French franc a condition of a loan. Though de Gaulle bristled at such a humiliation, at the end he yielded to the arguments of his ministers. When the decision to devaluate seemed made—"The Rate of Devaluation to be Officially Announced on Saturday" read the headline of Friday's *Le Monde*—Raymond Barre, at the time vice president of the Commission of the European Communities in Brussels, and not by any means in what Washingtonians call the loop, saw a way of intervening through a friend in the cabinet. Barre was violently opposed to devaluation, which he saw as a useless makeshift device designed to avoid painful measures of economic discipline. He persuaded his friend, Baron Ansiaux, then governor of the National Bank of Belgium and president of the committee of Common Market central bankers, to poll his fellow governors on whether devaluation of the franc was really a condition of the $2 billion loan. The answer was no. Thereupon Barre managed to be received by de Gaulle with that good news; the tide of ministerial opinion was turned around, and devaluation was voted down in a cabinet meeting. Only Jacques Chirac voted for devaluation.

In this episode Barre and Chirac showed equal independence of mind and courage in their refusal to be swayed. Barre came to his judgment by the logic of his economic principles; Chirac saw the political unlikelihood of a weakened government being able to take painful economic measures. The devaluation came nine months later after the loss of more billions. Economic historians will have to decide who was right.

By the same token it must be left to historians to decide whether Barre's economic policy of austerity during his last two years as prime minister or Chirac's opposition to that policy was the better course. In 1979 Barre succeeded in reducing inflation to a rate of 2.1 percent, and in increasing GNP by close to 5 percent. And as a result of Barre's austerity the Banque de France had more than 46 billion francs of foreign exchange reserves when Mitterrand became president. Without that war chest Mitterrand could not have engaged in the economic frolics of his first year, and if Barre had been less principled and more political, Mitterrand might well not have been elected at all and France would have been spared the hardships of the economic belt tightening—Barrism with socialist rhetoric—forced upon Mitterrand by the facts of life.

Chirac's and Barre's opposing stands on cohabitation spring from the same difference in temperament that explains these occasional differences on economic policy. Barre had made the refusal to form a center-right government under the Socialist President Mitterrand a major issue in the legislative elections of 1986, thereby splitting and probably weakening the opposition to the Socialists; and he is pressing the same issue again in his current campaign for the presidency. Sure enough, in pure logic a powerful head of state and a powerful prime minister with opposing political philosophies would make destructive bed fellows. Yet this logic seems quixotic. As Chirac's tormented premiership under Giscard has shown, belonging to the same majority does not assure the "real confidence" between the president and the prime minister that Barre considers essential. The constitution of the Fifth Republic is a masterpiece of ambiguity in dealing with the respective powers of the president and the prime minister and therefore makes a certain measure of conflict between them almost inevitable. And even though Barre has recently said that there had never been a single cloud over his relations as prime minister with Giscard, there is evidence that his last two years in that position were far from idyllic. Nor were the relations of Mitterrand with his first Socialist prime minister, Pierre Mauroy, "without a cloud."[3] On the other hand, in the present case of Mitterrand and Chirac there are no serious conflicts in the vital areas of foreign policy and defense. And in any event the deliberate constitutional provision for a seven-year presidential term and a five-year parliamentary term makes it difficult to argue, as does Barre, that cohabitation "violates the spirit of the Constitution."

Moreover, it can be argued that the sharing of governmental responsibility between Mitterrand, Chirac, and the National Assembly has for the first time given the French Fifth Republic a desirable system of checks and balances. From 1958 till 1986 the French president had the power not only to appoint cabinet ministers and the senior positions in the government bureaucracy, but, translated into American equivalents, to appoint the chairmen and chief executive officers of Citicorp, Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, Dupont, Exxon, and of all utilities—and the list is far from complete. The constitutionally created joint government between a president of the left and a prime minister and a parliamentary majority of the center-right has, for the first time since the French Revolution, given France a government that has bridged the pernicious historic gulf between what socialist rhetoric used to call "the people of the left" and "the gentry of the castles." There is evidence that the French like it that way.

Paradoxically it was Chirac who, in 1978, attacked Giscard for countenancing cohabitation upon the latter's declaration that he intended to remain president, even if the left should win that year's parliamentary elections. Yet generally, such conceptual pronouncements have not been Chirac's way of offending reasonable people from time to time. He was at his most quixotic when, under the shock of a car accident and disappointing polls before the European elections of 1979, he issued a violent diatribe (with strong anti-American overtones) against the pro-European Community platform of Giscard's party from his hospital bed at Cochin, the so-called "Cochin Manifesto." It would neither be kind nor meaningful to quote from it.

France is blessed to count no dwarfs among her presidential candidates. Mitterrand,[4] Chirac, and Barre are all men of intelligence, experience, integrity, and depth. They are equally committed to the Atlantic Alliance and the defense of the West against Soviet totalitarianism. Barre and Chirac are rooted in their Catholic faith; and Mitterrand's apostasy may be only skin deep. Every one of them knows, in the words of Disraeli, that a man "who wants to govern the world must know how to say boo to a goose," or, for that matter, how to say no to dear Mr. Gorbachev. Nor is it likely that Barre and Chirac will fade into oblivion if Mitterrand, as the polls of February are predicting, will be re-elected. Either of them may become prime minister, and neither will be silent. For all these reasons, the French presidential election is a contest the United States cannot lose. □

[3] See *Les Sept Mitterrand*, by Catherine Nay (Editions Grasset, Paris 1988), whose biography of Mitterrand, *The Black and the Red*, was published in the U.S. last year by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

[4] I have tried to show why this is true of Francois Mitterrand in a review essay "Born Again Socialist," *National Review*, July 3, 1987.

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Michael Fumento

THE CENTER FOR DEFENSE MISINFORMATION

Admiral La Rocque and his crew at CDI have given new meaning to the bashing of U.S. national security policy.

It's not every lobbying and information organization that can get an opposing superpower to implement a major nuclear weapons policy. Thus, when two years ago the Soviets announced a temporary nuclear test ban in direct response to a request by the Center for Defense Information, CDI officials found that they were no longer eligible to appear on "You don't know me . . ." American Express card commercials. CDI had arrived as a major force in American defense policy.

At almost $300 billion for 1988, the U.S. defense budget constitutes about a quarter of all federal outlays. Granted, this is down from over 50 percent of federal expenditures in 1955 and 45 percent in 1960. Granted, too, that much of the talk about gold-plated coffeemakers and diamond-studded claw hammers was little more than hype. It nevertheless remains true that any large bureaucracy will tend to incur a tremendous amount of waste; and concerned politicians and watchdog groups can play an invaluable part in keeping such waste to a minimum.

The non-profit CDI is one of the most prominent organizations identified with trying to minimize wasteful military expenditures. Consisting of twenty-five full-time staffers, CDI is headed by retired Rear Admiral Gene R. La Rocque, the organization's director since its founding in 1972. La Rocque, who has been called the "Ralph Nader" of the military, overtly belies the image, with large, sad eyes and a friendly, down-home manner. Yet he runs a tight ship, and critics who speculate that he is more a figurehead than a leader should watch his crew snap to attention when he calls from his office.

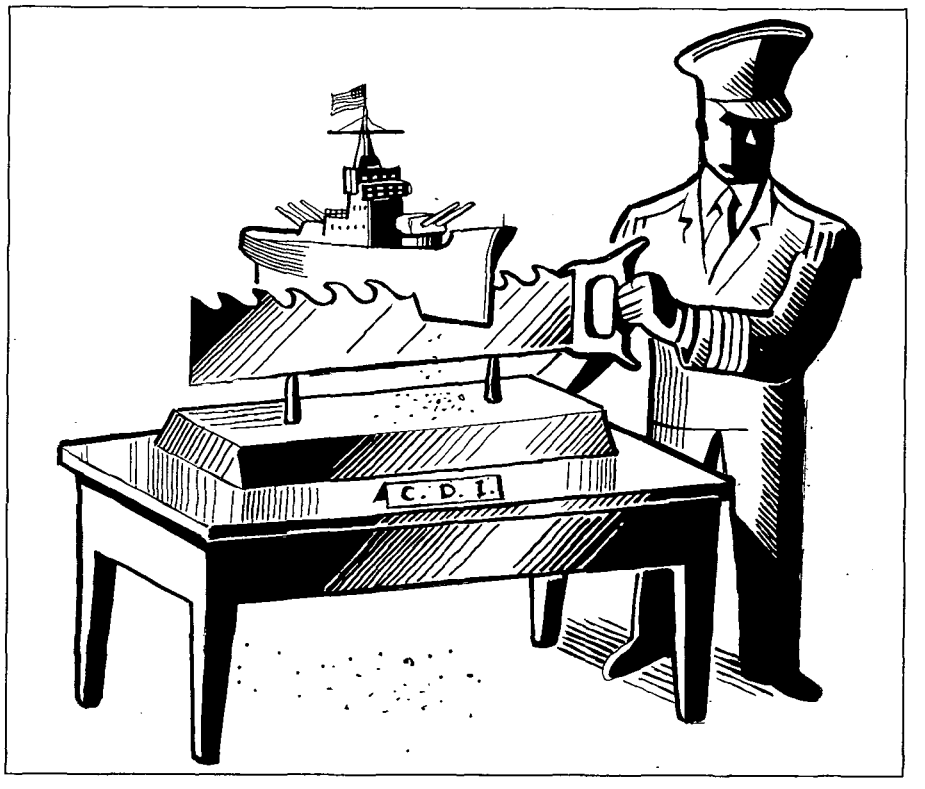
Beginning in 1984, La Rocque and CDI worked for nearly a year to get the Soviets and the U.S. and its allies to ban nuclear testing to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of Hiroshima, August 6, 1985. The Reagan Administration responded that such a moratorium could not be adequately verified and that, moreover, "nuclear testing plays an important role in ensuring a credible U.S. deterrent, particularly in view of the massive Soviet buildup of nuclear forces." But CDI persisted, and on July 29, following a crash program of nuclear testing, the Soviet Union announced a half-year suspension. In doing so the Soviets scored a major public relations coup and CDI was able to describe itself as the originator of "the most important arms control development of the decade." The Administration, meanwhile, had lost one more skirmish in the propaganda war of arms control.

CDI made the news more recently when it hosted a conference of American and Soviet generals last April, which the FBI mentioned in its 1986-1987 report on Soviet active measures. The report noted that a group of former NATO officers called Generals for Peace and Disarmament (GPD) "has been targeted by Soviet intelligence services [and] has echoed views consistent with Soviet arms control objectives and against NATO." The report went on to say that,

> Although the CDI is not officially affiliated with the GPD, it engages in similar activities and supports the activities and statements of the GPD and former Soviet military officers. The Soviets have effectively utilized statements made by GPD and CDI officials in their active measures campaigns.

In another sure sign of success, one of CDI's major initiatives of the last several years—its steadfast resistance to the deployment of Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles in Europe—was realized when President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev signed the INF treaty in December.

The Center's activities, however, spread far beyond the upper echelons of the foreign policy community. Its program includes a library which is open to area researchers; a series of books, at least one of which, *Current Issues in U.S. Defense Policy*, has been used as a standard text in college courses; the Center's reference service, which provides quick information upon request; and radio programs, films, as well as a new weekly TV series called "America's Defense Monitor," which is shown on independent cable stations because, as CDI's director of research puts it, "since it's our point of view, even PBS might not consider it as balanced as they would like." About 300 stations around the country carry the show, with a potential viewing audience of approximately four million. CDI's most important publication is *Defense Monitor*, a newsletter published ten times a year with each issue devoted to a specific defense topic. Almost 100,000 copies of the *Monitor* are sent out each month. Most of them, according to the Center, go to paying subscribers.



CDI was started as a project of Fund for Peace, a leftist tax-exempt instrumentality headquartered in Washington, D.C. and financed initially by General Motors heir Stewart R. Mott. In addition to CDI, Fund for Peace has been the parent organization of several groups that have had interlocking relationships with CDI. They include the Center for National Security Studies, whose personnel have shown a pattern of interrelationship with the far-left Institute for Policy Studies (IPS); the Center for International Policy, some of whose principal activists have also had close ties to IPS; and In the Public Interest, a project designed to "counteract the onslaught of right-wing broadcasting." Nicholas Nyary, president of Fund for Peace in 1975, served as secretary-general of the World Peace Council (WPC) in 1976. A July 1978 CIA report called the WPC "the most important Soviet front organiza-

Michael Fumento, an attorney with the federal government, is a frequent contributor to opinion journals.

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tion" and said it "supports disarmament on Soviet terms (without international inspection) along with various subsidiary campaigns backing Soviet policy on the Middle East, Cyprus, Chile, South Africa and other regional problems."

While Research Director David Johnson plays down the CDI/Fund for Peace connection ("They always had a minimum of input into CDI"), some of the members of CDI's own advisory board have had equally controversial doings. Harold Willens, also a member of the board of trustees of Fund for Peace, was a principal leader in the anti-Vietnam war organization Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace. This group was responsible for a broadcast, later played over Radio Hanoi, of an "ex-Marine pilot" denouncing U.S. bombing and accusing U.S. military forces of war crimes against the Vietnamese people. Another CDI board member, Dr. Earl C. Ravenal, has served as a "fellow" at IPS and participated in a project cosponsored by IPS and the Transnational Institute, which has connections to Fourth International, a world-wide Trotskyite apparatus with a documented record of support for terrorist violence. Other notable advisors include Paul Newman, who narrated a film for CDI, and his wife Joanne Woodward. Most shocking of all, the director of CDI's "Women's Agenda" is Barbara Levin, wife of Senator Carl Levin (D-MI), a member of the Armed Services Committee and a key critic of U.S. nuclear weapons policy.

Since its separation from the Fund for Peace in 1983, CDI has continued to draw its funds from similar sources.[1] Consulting the *Foundation Grants Index*, 16th Edition, one discovers the usual network of far-left fundraising. For example, CDI received a $500,000 grant in 1985 from the (Joan B.) Kroc Foundation, which in that same year contributed $100,000 to the left-wing Beyond War Foundation and the Union of Concerned Scientists, a pro-nuclear freeze group. (Joan Kroc is also notable for having recently distributed $1 million to the Democratic party.) The Town Creek Foundation, Inc. gave $10,000 to CDI in 1985, at the same time giving from $5,000 to $10,000 to such left-wing groups as Educators for Social Responsibility, Physicians for Social Responsibility, the SANE (no-nuke) Educational Fund, and the Union of Concerned Scientists. The Mertz-Gilmore Foundation gave CDI $10,000 in 1985 "for programs focused on how to stop the nuclear arms race." That same year it gave $5,000 to $10,000 to such left-wing groups as the Center for War/Peace Studies, the Downstate New York Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign, Educators for Social Responsibility, the LAMBDA Legislative Defense and Education Fund (for homosexual rights), the Lawyers Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control, the Lawyer's Committee for International Human Rights, the Nuclear Weapons Education Fund (to work for a nuclear freeze), Physicians for Social Responsibility, and the SANE Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. As of 1985, CDI's budget was approximately $1.5 million.

[1]The Center boasts that its books of individual contributors are open to any interested party, but my experience in this regard leaves me skeptical. After being shown a list of contributors without dollar amounts, I was promised a print-out with figures included that "will probably be available overnight." After ten days I was told that such a print-out, in fact, could only be ready in three months. When I then requested a copy of the original list I had been shown, that too was denied. Subsequently, a CDI staffer called *The American Spectator* and demanded a list of this magazine's contributors!

Critics who speculate that La Rocque is more a figurehead than a leader should watch his crew snap to attention when he calls from his office.

The man who presides over this war chest, Gene Robert La Rocque, began his military career in the University of Illinois Army ROTC program, where he was in both the infantry and cavalry. He didn't take much to horses—his right arm causes him trouble to this day as a result of a horse stomping his hand—and a half year before graduation La Rocque joined the Navy. He was an ensign aboard the *U.S.S. MacDonough* when the Japanese attacked it and the bulk of the Seventh Fleet at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. La Rocque participated in thirteen major naval battles during the war, serving aboard several warships. During one assault in the Marshall Islands, La Rocque says he led the Marines in storming the beach, an experience that he says later made him hate guns, particularly handguns. Nevertheless, he went on to spend thirty-one years in the military, retiring in 1972. Shortly thereafter, he helped form CDI, which boasts among its staff seven high-ranking retired military officers, and about 500 military supporters, according to La Rocque. The military officers on the staff and on the board of advisers, all of them retired, are from the ocean-going services (Navy and Marines), a fact La Rocque attributes to the Navy "drawing our officers from basically the eastern establishment schools [while the Army] takes officers from enlisted ranks, something we don't do." He also believes that Navy officers have an expanded outlook as a result of their world travels on ship. Other former naval officers with whom I spoke, however, thought the preponderance of naval officers in CDI was mostly attributable to La Rocque's personal connections from his time in the service.

Members of the media often rely on CDI for the latest information on the Persian Gulf situation, the U.S. naval build-up, U.S.-USSR arms reduction negotiations, and other areas. A survey of three months of clippings from mid-1987 shows forty newspaper and magazine articles either written by CDI staffers or based on CDI-supplied information. These pieces virtually never mention CDI's ideological slant. Rather, they refer to the Center as a "Washington-based group," a "military research group," "a private, non-profit group that analyzes this country's military spending, policies and weapons systems," "a private military research organization," a "watchdog group," or "a Washington group that compiles military data" (the last being standard *New York Times* usage). Only the *Chicago Sun-Times*, in one of two articles, came close to using an ideological label, calling CDI "liberally oriented." In contrast, a similar survey of articles using material supplied by the Heritage Foundation found that the think-tank was referred to as either "conservative" or "right-wing" more than half the time.

Despite the failure to identify in print the orientation of CDI, the reporters I talked to seemed guarded in their attitude toward the Center and its resources. *New York Times* reporter John Cushman, Jr. says he uses CDI "primarily for factual information on [Persian] Gulf operations—numbers of ships, flow of oil, attacks, and so on. When you use them for that, I've found you don't have to worry about politics. I make less use of their long reports"—a reference to the *Defense Monitor*. Tara Sonenshine, a producer and off-air reporter for ABC News who covers the Pentagon, says CDI "can be a wonderful source for detailed things, minutiae such as ship counts and what-not." Other material, however, she says she uses "not as gospel but as a base guide." Says Sonenshine: "Do they have an agenda? I think so. They have a point of view and they express it. As with anybody's material, the onus is on the reporter to check it out."

Bill Gertz, who covers the Pentagon for the *Washington Times*, is less complimentary. "I don't think I've ever found them helpful," Gertz says. "When I need statistics I go to the Pentagon or the Library of Congress or some established source, but not CDI. They often reflect the Soviet position on so many things."

When I noted that an ideological label was hardly ever applied to CDI, the reporters seemed somewhat surprised. "I never would have guessed that," says James Coates, former Pentagon reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*. "It's pretty important. It could be because [CDI] has been around comparatively forever, while the Heritage Foundation didn't amount to a hill of beans until Reagan came aboard."

As to the impact CDI has had on the media, Coates says, "They've had a tremendous effect on the media in general, the same as they've had on me."

CDI also makes its influence felt in Congress. Although Hill staffers tend to rely on their own research services rather than CDI, CDI's ideas get exposure through the *Defense Monitor*, which is provided regularly free of charge to congressional offices. Bruce MacDonald, legislative assistant to Sen. Dale Bumpers (D-AR) on the Appropriations Committee, says he finds that the *Defense Monitors* are helpful, and CDI information "pretty accurate," but that CDI's political angle is minimally worrisome. "They try to remain objective but most people realize they're of somewhat liberal origin," he says.

Another legislative assistant to a liberal Democrat senator, who serves on the Armed Services subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee, believes CDI has been tremendously effective on the Hill, an effectiveness he does not welcome. "In my view," says the aide, who wishes to remain unidentified, "they were one of the more outspoken groups that started our country on the road to the anti-military mentality."

It's probably not surprising that conservative members of the military establishment oppose CDI's initiatives, though perhaps their tone is surprisingly harsh. Some have stopped just short of accusing the Center of treason. In 1983, 424 retired admirals bought a full-page advertisement in the *Washington Times*, the headline of which read, "We Think That It Is Time to Let the American People Know Where the Vast Majority of Their Retired U.S. Navy Admirals Stand." A sub-head said, "Retired Rear Admiral Larocque's [sic] Appearance on Soviet Television to

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Condemn the Policies of the United States Is Contrary to Our Precepts and, We Think, Injurious to the Best Interests of Our Country." The following month, a similar advertisement signed by 575 retired admirals was placed in the same paper.

The signatures in both advertisements had been solicited by retired Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, who had served as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff under President Nixon. The ads followed La Rocque's appearance on a Soviet evening program in which he was placed opposite Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth W. Dam and in which he charged that President Reagan "is not serious about arms control." The only one of eight former Chiefs of Naval Operations who did not sign the advertisement was Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, who said he would have signed save that he had been traveling and had not had a chance to see the text beforehand. Deputy Undersecretary of the Navy Seth Cropsey, on the other hand, refuses to impugn the Admiral's patriotism. "Traitor is a bit strong," says Cropsey. "I think he's just a jerk."

But while conservative military men take a dim view of CDI, the Center fields criticism even from its fellow Pentagon watchdogs. William Lind is the co-author of *America Can Reform* with Sen. Gary Hart, which details what the authors consider a dangerous misallocation of defense funds. "Generally speaking, they're against everything," Lind says of CDI. "I don't attach much credence either to those who favor everything the Pentagon does or to those who criticize everything without offering alternatives." Lind, who now works with conservative activist Paul Weyrich, distinguishes his and Hart's goal in *America Can Reform* from the efforts of CDI. "Our motivation was combat effectiveness in the Armed Forces—a military that can win when called upon," he says. "The group that I'm a part of is always careful to form alternatives, but La Rocque's group doesn't. From their literature, I cannot recollect any major defense project they support."

Indeed, a listing of major defense projects and CDI's assessment of them bears out Lind's suspicions. The following evaluations are from a 1987 *Defense Monitor*.

•No more MX missiles [than the current 50 ordered]. The existing 1000 U.S. land-based missiles, with 2,177 nuclear warheads, are more than sufficient for effective retaliation.

•Cancel Trident II missile. . . . Such weapons systems support a dangerous U.S. nuclear war-fighting strategy and would increase the probability of a first strike by one side or the other in a period of military tension.

•Cancel Midgetman Mobile Missile. . . . The U.S. does not need another 500 nuclear missiles, especially at a total program cost of $45 billion.

•Abolish SDI [the Strategic Defense Initiative]. . . . *At it's very best* [SDI] would provide no more than an imperfect defense against only one form of nuclear attack. To develop this partial, leaky shield will ultimately cost hundreds of billions of dollars which will consume funds needed for legitimate defense programs. . . . SDI will stimulate an accelerated offensive arms buildup and wreck strategic arms control efforts.

CDI received a $500,000 grant in 1985 from the (Joan B.) Kroc Foundation, which in that same year contributed $100,000 to the Beyond War Foundation and the Union of Concerned Scientists.

•Cancel the Stealth Bomber. . . . The Pentagon has not provided sufficient justification for 132 new penetrating bombers.

•Cancel deployment of the advanced Cruise Missile. . . . The Air Force already has planned deployment of 2,179 ground-launched and air-launched cruise missiles, which is more than adequate for nuclear retaliation.

And so on. Research Director Johnson, who has been with CDI since the beginning, basically concedes Lind's point. He does note that CDI has "supported improvement programs for the B-52 and the like, and never criticized the MIRV [multiple war-head missile]. We do, as most liberals, shall we say, have a fondness for submarine-based missiles." He also says, however, that just as CDI opposes Trident II now, it also opposed the Trident I system. "It seemed wasteful and premature," he says.

Another important Pentagon watchdog is Edward Luttwak, author of the acclaimed and scathing book, *The Pentagon and the Art of War*, and a strategy analyst at the Center for Strategic and International Studies. Luttwak is decidedly not a member of the Lind-Hart group—"Some of his ideas I like," says Lind, "Some I don't"—but one thing they agree on is CDI. "The people involved [with CDI] are respectable," says Luttwak, "and their data sheets are usually accurate. But in no sense should they describe themselves as a 'center for defense information' or in any sense balanced. They only show opposition to different plans; they provide only reasons not to do something. They only provide half the truth."

CDI's Johnson is clearly concerned with his organization's image of one-sidedness, and even somewhat apologetic about it. "We know that many perceive us as one-sided, always grinding out the same message. We just don't have the resources to lay out alternatives," he says. "The fact that we may appear unbalanced reflects in part how a small organization has to operate. One is a critic, one is a gadfly." He also says CDI focuses its harshest criticism on the U.S. rather than the Soviet Union because "we're an American organization. . . . Perhaps it would help us if we did things perceived as less critical of the U.S." On a later occasion, Johnson proudly showed me a copy of a *Defense Monitor* dating back to 1979 that took the Soviets to task for greatly increasing their weapons exports. But even on this issue the *Monitor* managed to zero in on the real culprit:

In an attempt to take the United States off the hook for its role as an arms merchant and to undermine the assumptions behind President Carter's policy of arms sales restraint, several recent reports have purported to show that the Soviet Union is the driving force behind the arms race in the Third World. Reality, as always, is far more complex. . . . According to figures released by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency . . . *the Soviets have delivered more than the United States worldwide in only five of fourteen categories.*

The emphasis was the *Monitor*'s, and in fact this was the only emphasized sentence on the page. Here's how the report concluded:

The lesson for President Carter and his advisers, however, is that American arms sales policy should not rest on Soviet behavior. . . . After more than twenty years, Soviet military sales and aid have not, on balance, substantially extended Soviet influence or power. . . . The current growth of their exports and the acquisition of new friends in Africa is no justification for American expansion of its own exports to counter supposed Soviet influence. Visions of global confrontations simply do not square with the realities of frustration and failure which have dogged the Soviet program.

The picture of "bumbling Soviets" and their "supposed" influence is one that CDI enjoys painting. In the *Defense Monitor*, every Soviet attempt at aggression boomerangs. In fact, CDI evaluations of the Soviets read like parables, cautionary tales aimed at the U.S. "I think history has taught the Soviets a sense of humility," says Johnson. "They can't even subdue one little country outside their border," says La Rocque, referring to Afghanistan. Interestingly, CDI opposes U.S. aid to the *mujahedeen* (and to all anti-Communist guerrilla movements), aid without which the Soviets would almost surely have succeeded in their conquest.

"What the Soviets have got for effort [at expansionism]," says La Rocque, is "a myriad of mismatched ethnic groups . . . almost an unmanageable system." A 1986 *Defense Monitor*, "Soviet Geopolitical Momentum: Myth or Menace," supports the assumption that the Soviets can no longer expand their influence. The report spells out in percentages what part of the world was once "Soviet-influenced" and what portion is today:

[That percentage] rose to nearly 15 percent in the late 1950s, declined to nine percent in the mid-1960s, and finally rose back to over 12 percent in the mid-1970s. It has remained at 11 percent for the past 7 years. According to this indicator, *Soviet world influence was at its height in the 1950s and there has been no significant positive Soviet geopolitical momentum for many years.* [Emphasis in original.]

In considering countries that are supposedly not under Soviet influence, one immediately notices the absence of, for example, North Korea. Kim Il Sung's government in just the last few years has strengthened diplomatic ties with the Soviets, allowed Soviet planes fly-over rights en route to Vietnam, accepted dozens of Soviet MiG fighters and HiND helicopters, and sent combat troops and advisers to countries in Africa and Asia where resistance forces are battling Soviet proxies. Nicaragua, too, is omitted from the *Defense Monitor* list.

"We don't assume [expansionism] is the operating motive of the Soviets," says Johnson. "I'm not going to disagree that there are certain elements [in the USSR] that pursue a Marxist-Leninist world view, but they in general are principally oriented towards dealing with domestic issues. They are trying to stabilize their internal position, to prolong the period of economic development and improve the quality of life at home." Why leaders with such motives would hamstring their economy by spending over 15 percent of their GNP on military expenditures to maintain occupation forces or military advisers on all the continents save North America must be puzzling indeed. These anomalies are explained point by point.

•Most of Eastern Europe: "[This resulted from] the aftermath of the war," says Johnson. "The USSR hung on and is still working itself out." He also suggested the occupation might be

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due in part to the Marxist-Leninist element in the Soviet government. La Rocque says that the occupation results from the Soviet desire for a buffer zone, but adds, lest we believe he approves: "I can understand the desire for a [defense] corridor, but it's time for them to get out."

•Afghanistan: "Again, it's probably a significant reflection of Marxist-Leninist residuals," according to Johnson. "They probably thought of it as coming to the aid of a Marxist government."

•Poland: "Poles," says La Rocque, "are the most reluctant to have the Soviets pull out because they're more afraid of the Germans than of the Russians." As evidence, La Rocque recounted the story of the time he declared, at a social function, "When are the Soviets going to pull that damned [Berlin] wall down!" To which an eavesdropping Polish ambassador told him that his people wanted the wall to remain up.

This benign attitude toward the Soviets accounts for more than CDI's view of Communist expansion. It also carries over into the area of strategic nuclear weapons, as a motivation for both excusing Soviet treaty violations and asserting that the United States does not need the kinds or numbers of weapons that most military planners think the U.S. does. For example, it allows CDI fully to support almost any nuclear arms treaty because, in CDI's view as expressed in a 1987 *Defense Monitor*, "the Soviet Union has complied with all of the principal requirements of the SALT I and II agreements."

In another 1987 *Defense Monitor*, CDI admitted that the Krasnoyarsk radar, the new SS-25 ICBM, and the Soviet use of encryption to conceal missile test telemetry "are among the issues that warrant serious investigation and discussion with the Soviets." Here's how it deals with the alleged Krasnoyarsk violation:

> The Administration believes that it is an early warning radar because it closely resembles other Soviet radars of this type. If so, it would be in violation of the ABM treaty. . . . The signals emitted by the radar when it is turned on will help to resolve the issue. . . . In the meantime, the Soviets reportedly offered to halt construction on the radar if the U.S. would do the same on two early warning phased-array radars that it is installing in Greenland and the U.K. Whether the U.S. explored the offer is not known, but it seems clear that the Administration's high voltage publicity . . . is not calculated to encourage the Soviets to push their offer further.

Incidentally, there has been no charge that the American radars violate any treaty. Thus, the Soviet "offer" is an attempt to get something for nothing. More importantly, note how CDI subtly turns the issue until it looks as if U.S. behavior is at the root of the problem. So too with the SS-25 alleged violation:

> The Soviets fought hard in the SALT negotiations to avoid restrictions that would have prevented them from deploying the SS-25. [Former] Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle has deplored this type of negotiating practice, saying that it amounts to designing loopholes in the treaty. It could be argued with equal merit that the Soviets' refusal to accept language that they knew they could not honor demonstrates their respect for the treaty.

The Soviets, in other words, demonstrate their respect for a treaty by violating it. And if that's not enough, the *Monitor* section on the SS-25 concludes: "It's difficult to see how the modest increase in military capability they stand to gain [from replacing SS-11s with SS-25s] would justify jeopardizing SALT." In other words, call it a violation if you want, it's just not that big a deal. Whether the Soviets' willingness to violate one section of the treaty indicates a willingness to violate treaties in general is a question the *Monitor* leaves unexplored.

Finally, on the telemetry encryption (the practice of denying electronic information transmitted by missiles in test flight to monitoring stations of the other side), the *Monitor* states: "The issue is whether this practice is a blatant violation of the treaty or simply a case of the Soviets making use of ambiguous language." Guess which side CDI comes down on?

CDI's mind-set is perhaps nowhere more incredible than in a 1987 *Defense Monitor* entitled "U.S. Invasion of Nicaragua: Appraising the Option." The report gives a day-by-day projection of how such an invasion would progress, drawing up a scenario that a thousand Ollie Norths might not concoct. By the end of the first month, after suffering only 200 killed in action, U.S. forces not only would completely dominate the country but would also be able to begin their first withdrawals. Yet, the report concludes, such an invasion would be ill-considered:

> An invasion by the U.S. could make more communists than it kills as the Sandinistas who escape Nicaragua will surely spread their fear, suspicion and hatred of the U.S. throughout all of Latin America. [It would] alarm even our closest friends in the region [and] make a mockery of America's commitment to the principle of self-determination and bring discredit on our government among millions of our own citizens and more millions of our friends abroad.

We can probably be grateful that the report does not call Nicaragua our new Vietnam.

Only the *Chicago Sun-Times* came close to using an ideological label, calling CDI "liberally oriented."

Most defense monitoring organizations—the CSIS, the Heritage Foundation, the Brookings Institution—seek to determine how the military can get the most bang for its buck. CDI, on the other hand, tries to calculate how to get much less bang for far fewer bucks. One of the reasons for this, CDI claims, is that the money saved can go toward the expansion of federal social programs. This calculation is another item that separates CDI from its fellow watchdogs. When La Rocque says, "When we were rich we could be the world's policeman, but now we have to squeeze the budget," he's not challenging the irrefutable evidence that America's GNP is far higher than it's ever been; he's saying other considerations have become more important than defense. In a 1984 *Defense Monitor*, Marian Wright Edelman of the Children's Defense Fund, a large Washington-based advocacy group that works to enlarge the welfare state on behalf of children, is quoted approvingly as saying:

> We plan to build about 243 MX missiles at about $100,000,000 each. For each missile we cancel, we could eliminate poverty for a year in 92,000 families headed by females. If we cancelled the whole program, we could eliminate poverty for all children in the U.S. twice over and have enough left to send all female heads of low-income families to college for a year!

Another *Defense Monitor* concentrated on U.S. military expenditures in defense of Japan and explained how these same funds could be used to make American industry more competitive with that nation's trade industry.

Brian McCartan, an economist at CDI, told one reporter, "Picture one society that spends its time putting up walls and sharpening its spears, and another society that spends its time inventing wheels and things. In the long run, the second society will do much better."

Which brings us to the question of La Rocque and his crew's ultimate motivation—whether it is an ardor for peace so all-consuming that it continually leads them to give the Soviet Union the benefit of the doubt, or whether it is a desire for social programs whose funds must be drawn from the country's defense, or whether it is something more sinister. Whatever the motivation, CDI's continual condemnation of any weapons system and its relentless apologies for Soviet misbehavior cast great doubt on its claim to be an organization devoted to a strong defense of the United States. What CDI encourages is enough to judge it by. "I believe," Admiral Zumwalt told the *Navy Times*, "that if La Rocque's ideas prevail, my children will not live out their lives in freedom." □

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EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

NEUTRALITY ON THE ROCKS

by Mary Tedeschi Eberstadt

Stockholm

Neutral or not, Sweden in January is no place for the timid. It is hellishly cold, and freakishly dark; the sun scarcely gets over the horizon all day, and it disappears for good around three in the afternoon. Stockholm is nevertheless magnificent, a glittering tableau of icy waterways, immaculate streets, and stone palaces from across the centuries. The bright pastels and stark lines of Swedish modernism may not travel well, but they look positively magical here against the pale landscape and dull winter sky.

Tonight we are leaving the cold for one of Stockholm's cheaper establishments, where Johan and Peter, Swedish truckdrivers with a taste for German beer, have offered to buy us a drink. "Cheap," of course, is a relative term in a country where Lutheran asceticism and social democracy conspire to keep the price of alcohol alarmingly high; a half-liter in this imitation-English pub runs to 38 kronor, or $6.50 a glass. Still, it is not the cost that exercises Johan and Peter. Nor are they much interested in politics, the chief excuse for our visit. No, it is the talk of American cars—especially old cars, those mythical beasts of the V-8 engine, the big back seat, the 120 *miles*, not kilometers, per hour. Johan, it turns out, once purchased one of these marvels; alas, the authorities brought his happiness to an early close. "They tell me I can't drive it in Sweden, because the engine's too big!"

The Swedish government is having less luck with certain other mythical beasts these days, particularly those big gray ones that are rumored to be coursing through the country's neutral waters. One official report cites thirty such incursions in the last half of 1987 alone. In private conversation, of course, it is common to call the creatures "submarines." Even the Swedish government has fallen into the habit, though it refuses to conjecture publicly about whose submarines they may be. Perhaps mighty Finland will someday emerge as the culprit. Or perhaps it will be Norway, that self-confessed non-neutral neighbor. At the moment, as if out of courtesy, official Sweden demurs.

Nonetheless, the prowling about of what may or may not be Soviet submarines in what may or may not be Swedish waters has injected an uncomfortable dose of insecurity into a country that prides itself on being free of such foreign corrosives. It is not that Sweden lacks for debate; there are lively discussions afoot, for example, about trimming the welfare state, about present levels of taxation, about reforming the bureaucracy, and so on. It is just that the debate is civil, a disagreement over the arrangements of the day rather than a wholesale struggle over first principles.

As any Swede will tell you, the political spectrum here is much narrower than most foreigners would suppose. The two largest newspapers—*Dagans Nyhet* and *Svenska Dagbladet*—represent shades of difference that are barely discernible to American eyes; the latter is marginally more disposed toward economic freedom, and marginally more suspicious of the Soviets, than the former. Over the past few years, an intellectual movement toward a more open economy, combined with the present torpor of the left, has served to moderate the political atmosphere still further. The government, too, reflects this trend; one even learns that the administration under Olof Palme was enlarged to include a Liberty Department.

Sweden's social tranquility is further confirmed by the nation's approach to its past. Unlike much of Europe, the Swedes have no ideological agenda for their dead. Granted, Sweden has had less to work with; from the era of the Vikings to its years as a great power in the seventeenth century, its greatest accomplishments were foreign, rather than domestic. The pursuit of outward expansion has left a minimum of historic glories at home. In Gamla Uppsala, an ancient site of pagan worship and sacrifice, we visit one of the Vikings' few domestic remains: their burial mounds. Even the Norse sagas, those cornerstones of the recorded Scandinavian past, were largely codified and preserved elsewhere—in Iceland, by descendants of Celtic slaves whom the Norsemen left in their wake.

Modern Sweden takes a charmingly casual attitude toward all this. Many historical sites are open for only a few hours a day, while others remain closed altogether until the summer months when tourism is at its peak. Similarly, in the largest bookstores of Stockholm and in the neighboring university town of Uppsala, it is something of a feat to find information in English (Sweden's compulsory second language) on the most seminal moments of Swedish history—including such recent phenomena as the invention of state banking, the adoption of political neutrality in the early 1800s, and other foundations of the modern state. Like their ancestors—and unlike most of their neighbors—the Swedes look forward, not back, as unencumbered by their past as they are content with their present and future.

Sex, too, has been domesticated and defused here. The natives have, in the words of one guidebook, "long since grown bored" with the flesh markets of Stockholm, which now cater, for the most part, to foreign tourists. To be sure, the nation does not ignore its own assistance in the unrobing of the Western world; it can be found, for example, in the Stockholm city museum, whose modern section includes a sobering vignette of birth control devices and photos depicting sex education. Then there is the late-night, English-language television channel which sounds the way the Marquis de Sade might have if he had spent his life in the Brookings Institution. On one show, our narrator interviews famous athletes on the pros and cons of sex during training. (The boxers incline against it, the football players in favor.) This is followed by an inquiry into the management practices of striptease bars. Now and then, in touring Stockholm, one sees glimmerings of a less sanitized world: the (English-

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language) flyers offering admission to private clubs; the doorways awash in dull red light. For the most part, though, the sexual atmosphere in Stockholm resembles that of a gigantic venereal clinic.

Sweden's success in neutralizing the volatile and effervescent has been made possible by a homogeneity that borders on the claustrophobic. Ninety-five percent of its people are Lutheran, if they are anything; they share a common language (or two, including English) and an intensely bourgeois set of social habits. Swedish welfarism, like Sweden itself, appears to be an affair of the middle class; the average recipient would seem to have a job, a house or apartment, and a generous span of vacation time. Social differences, according to a native journalist, are absent even from the language itself, which only has regional, rather than class-based, variations.

At the margins, such insularity would appear to be under strain. Prosperous Sweden faces a shortage of manual labor, a vacuum now being filled by an unaccustomed number of immigrants and guestworkers from parts south. This influx, too, has its dark side, and literally so; a Swede of Jewish descent tells of having been subjected to a new catcall meaning "blackhead," or brunette, intended for the non-Swedish population.

For the most part, though, such ugliness appears as an aberration in a society that is otherwise at peace. There are no religious divisions to make a battleground of social policy here, and no ethnic or other minorities large enough to reward aspiring demagogues. The Swedes have, to all appearances, built themselves a civil and comfortable place in this most uncivil and inhuman of environments. They have done it through industry, acumen, and the uninterrupted pursuit of wealth—a pursuit made possible, incidentally, by the decidedly non-neutral character of most of their Western trading partners.

In its foreign policy, meanwhile, Sweden has become a kind of overgrown Bertold Brecht, a middle-class bohemian with a bad case of radical chic. Its aspirations for the world, to judge by voting records at the United Nations, place it somewhere in the neighborhood of, say, El Salvador; less than half of Sweden's votes are coincident with those of the United States. Its causes are the familiar ones: anti-anti-Communism (sometimes pro-Communism, as in the case of Vietnam); anti-nuclear weapons (Sweden is a non-nuclear state); pro-transferring wealth to the antagonists and sometimes the enemies of the United States; and so on. Nor is this position merely rhetorical. One percent of Sweden's national income goes to foreign aid, including aid to the Communists in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

There is little in the streets of Stockholm or Uppsala to suggest popular ferment over these (or any other) issues: no leaflets or propagandists, little graffiti, no anti-Americanism in word or deed. (Occasionally one does spy that most universal of Western eyesores, the poster demanding disinvestment from South Africa.) Uppsala —site of Sweden's major university— appears to be as calm and clean as a Swiss train station. Sweden does, of course, have a pro-Moscow Communist party with representation in the Parliament; but its small size reduces it to gestures that are largely symbolic (such as its recent suggestion that Olof Palme was assassinated by Swedish puppets of the CIA).

Perhaps the mismatch between domestic and foreign politics reflects the market here: with so little room for agitation at home, aspiring ideologues may be forced outward. Or perhaps there survives, within this diminutive population of eight million, some atavistic urge toward shaping the destinies of others. In any event, the most immediate end served by Sweden's anti-Western posturing is of the crassly political sort. After all, by any other standard—history, culture, prosperity—Sweden lies squarely in the Western camp. Its chosen second tongue is that of the greatest Western power, and its military planning—according to a high-ranking official of the Swedish air force—anticipates advances from the East alone. Without its anti-Western figleaf, Sweden might lose whatever claim to consistency that its political neutrality now possesses.

Meanwhile, there remains that touchy business of the submarines. There is no getting around it—not even for the Soviets who participated in a conference on *glasnost* and *perestroika* hosted by *Dagens Nyheters*. Their contingent was prestigious, including the editor of *Pravda* and an assortment of political and economic heavyweights. Yet despite the politeness with which they were received, and the interest of the Swedish audience in Soviet reform, talk turned, near the end, toward—well, submarines. The Soviets, of course, have a time-tested solution to the Swedes' problem. As General Chevrov, head of the Red Army's office of "disarmament questions," put it to Moderate party leader Karl Bildt, "If you think there are Soviet subs in your waters, well—blow them up!"

A week after the conference, Sweden observed its annual remembrance of Raoul Wallenberg, the native son who saved tens of thousands of Hungarian Jews and then disappeared into the Soviet Gulag forever. If the irony of that coincidence disturbed the Swedish weighing of *glasnost* it was scarcely apparent to the tourist. In the halls of the government itself, meanwhile, Wallenberg has become something of an annoyance—ironically, at a time when the Soviets themselves seem to be hinting that they will someday give a more honest account of the case. Nevertheless, one high-ranking official complained during our visit that ritual inquiries into Wallenberg's fate are foreclosing all hopes for progress in Soviet-Swedish relations.

It is a testament to Swedish neutrality that Raoul Wallenberg—one of the great heroes of the twentieth century, and surely the greatest from Sweden—should become a perennial political embarrassment here. But neglecting the meaning of Wallenberg is only one more distortion in a country that even-handedly neglects its own. The irony of its foreign policy is that Sweden does have a story to tell the world, though not the one its politicians choose to tell. They could, if they wanted, explain how a warlike people on the fringes of European culture built an oasis of civilization in the icy dunes; or how an impoverished nation—some of whose people lived in holes in the ground in the beginning of this century—transformed itself into one of the most prosperous states on earth. They might conclude from such an explanation that the wealth of nations has little to do with demographic trends, or a vicious climate, or cultural impoverishment, or any of the other inhuman variables that Swedish foreign policy now deplores. They might even add that prosperity is altogether prosaic, depending as it does on the efforts of individual men and women in a stable political setting.

Of course, one can't expect to hear these things, because Sweden is a neutral state. Meanwhile, watch where you swim. □

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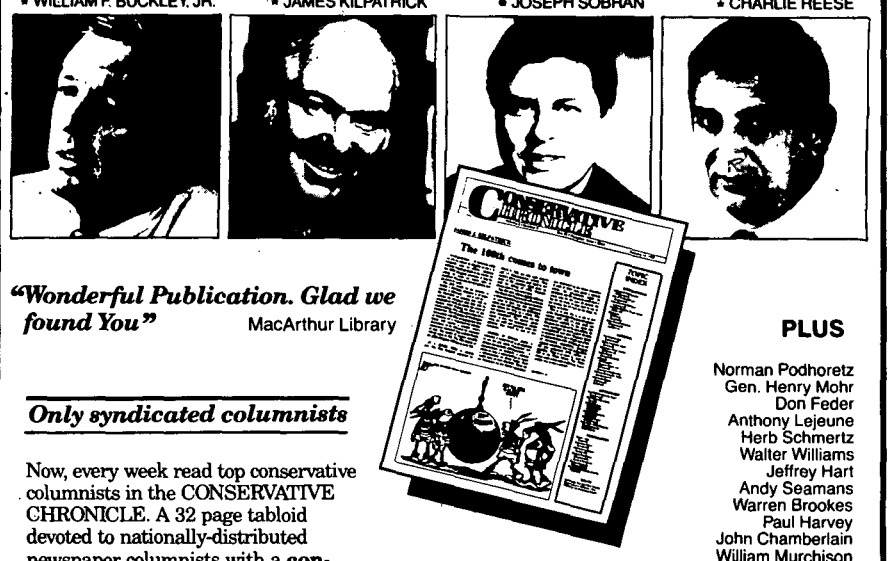

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ONE FLEW INTO THE CUCKOO'S NEST

by Allen Funky

As Senator Alphonse D'Amato walked away from the microphone, Terrence Scanlon knew it was going to be a hell of a day. D'Amato, opening the testimony before the House subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer Protection, and Competitiveness, had charged Scanlon, chairman of the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC), with everything short of murder. D'Amato was followed by Scanlon's two colleagues on the commission, Reagan appointees Carol Dawson and Anne Graham, who either charged him with misleading Congress, terrifying CPSC staff, or dawdling while consumers perished.

D'Amato, Dawson, and Graham are supposed to be on Scanlon's side.

The Democrats on the subcommittee, who have introduced legislation to blast Scanlon out of his job, were hard-pressed to match the Republican assault, though chief Scanlon critic Rep. Dennis Eckart (D-Ohio) gave it a shot. "The only [CPSC] management problem is between your ears," he exclaimed.

"Someone please stop the killing," pleaded another witness.

It's been that kind of job for Scanlon, who's been called a wimp, brain-dead, and a conspirator with the Japanese "death machine" industry. When he defected to the Reagan Administration (where he is the highest-ranking Democrat), he thought he was headed for sensible government. Instead, he pole-vaulted into the middle of a bureaucratic nuthouse. His story also serves as a lesson for future would-be defectors to the Republican party: think it over real hard, pal.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission, one of nine health and safety regulatory agencies, started out the decade with a staff of 900 and a budget of around $42 million. Budget cutting pared the staff down to 500 and the budget to just under $32 million. Though relatively small, the agency oversees some 15,000 consumer products. In addition, it is responsible for child-resistant closures and other safety devices, including a publication that advised swimmers not to dive into empty pools.

But if you haven't heard of the CPSC's consumer victories, you're not alone. What the agency is really famous for is the antics of its commissioners, only nine of whom have completed their appointed terms. Since Reagan came to town, CPSC appointments have led critics and loyalists alike to the same conclusion: conservatives can't govern.

The most famous Reagan Republican appointee was Nancy Harvey Steorts, who could have been dreamed up by Herblock. This committed Republican was most famous for telling her government driver to buy a chauffeur's suit or hit the road. She also spent $10,000 refurbishing her office, and was not always on top of her issues. The *Los Angeles Times*, for instance, once asked her why she had voted to ban urea-formaldehyde home insulation. She cited "breathing problems . . . just basic breathing problems." When pressed for details, she had none. Finally, her executive director stepped in to explain that "a big part of the problem is that there are studies that have attributed menstrual cycle problems to it, as well as difficulty with the fetus attributed in some instances to the formaldehyde."

When Steorts left (she resigned amid reports that she would not be reappointed), Administration critics feared that a reliable source of entertainment would dry up. Reagan fans hoped the Commission would adopt some anti-regulatory attitudes, thus avoiding excesses like the insulation ban voted for by Steorts, which ended up being thrown out of court due to lack of evidence—after many companies went belly-up due to bad publicity. The latter thought they had the perfect all-Reagan ticket with Scanlon as chairman and Dawson and Graham as commissioners. What they got was a 30-round cockfight.

Since about Round Two, right-wingers have been asking the same questions: How could this happen? Couldn't the Administration find just three conservatives to administer a puny regulatory agency? More seasoned observers chalk up the Commission's internal warfare to that rare Washington combination—envy and spite. A résumé check suggests there could be something to that:

•Terrence Scanlon is no ordinary Democrat, but the nephew of former Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and a one-time presidential aide in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. He is a rare bird, a conservative with government experience. He joined the CPSC as a commissioner in 1983, and after an 18-month confirmation battle followed Steorts into the chairmanship.

•Anne Graham once worked for Lyn Nofziger, and when the Reaganites came to town she became an assistant secretary at the Department of Education. A Government Accounting Office investigation reported that while at Education Graham used government employees to balance her checkbook, used government cars to go to the beauty parlor and liquor store, and drank the liquor in her government office.

•Carol Dawson's ties to the conservative movement can be traced back to her former husband, ex-Rep. Robert Bauman, whose former driver she hired after her confirmation to CPSC. Between 1982 and 1984 she served as a special assistant to Donald Hodel at the Department of Energy.

When these three got together, the fur flew. When Graham brought her dog to the office, complaints about the mutt nipping at a damsel's ankles as she perched upon the thunder mug made their way to the agency's union representatives. The story was leaked to the *Washington Post*, probably by a Scanlon partisan. Retaliation came quickly when Scanlon was tagged for spending just under $500 on coffee and donuts for a press conference—an expenditure not provided for under agency rules. "By the time it was over," says one staffer, "you'd have thought that Scanlon was handing out dead puppies."

While envy and spite may explain some of the rancor (the women are said to covet the chairman's job, feeling it should not have gone to a Democrat), there seem to be genuine political passions at work—and not in the way you'd think. At CPSC, the two Republicans have taken what are traditionally Democratic positions, while the Democrat votes an essentially Republican line. Graham says this characterization is inaccurate. "When I voted to request that manufacturers stop building the child model ATVs," she said, "I sided with Scanlon against Dawson."

Scanlon supporters do not agree. "Terry, alone, has carried the Reagan Administration's deregulatory agenda at CPSC," says one. "Steorts was totally captured by career staff, and the same thing has happened to Graham, and, to a larger extent, Dawson."

Scanlon has been in hot water mainly over three issues: All-Terrain Vehicles (ATVs), cigarette lighters, and lawn

Allen Funky is the pseudonym of a Washington writer.

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darts. The last two are not as significant: around 200 people die each year in lighter-related fires, according to CPSC statistics, 140 in fires started by children. Three children have been killed by lawn darts in the last seventeen years. By comparison, over 900 people a year are killed in bicycle accidents, thirty children have been killed in recent years by automatic garage doors, two children died in horseshoe accidents and two others while playing tetherball. "We're in the business of frying small fish," says one staffer.

ATVs represent a larger problem, however, having been linked to over 900 deaths and 310,000 serious injuries since 1982. A proposed industry buyback of the machines—supported by Dawson and Graham and opposed by Scanlon—provoked a bitter year-long fight among the commissioners, leading to charges that Dawson and Graham lent aid and comfort to the enemy. "It was not a case of the commissioners arguing this point among themselves," says an aide. "Graham and Dawson brought in Eckart and any other regulator they could lay their hands on. If Terry ends up getting dragged from office, it will be behind a team of ATVs with Graham and Dawson riding lead."

Scanlon supporters argue that their man took the proper approach in resisting the repurchase option, citing the government's failed attempt to force the recall of the General Motors X Car. In that case, the complaint was dismissed when it was shown that the automobile was no more dangerous than other cars on the road. Late last year, Scanlon was seemingly vindicated when Dawson switched her vote, apparently in recognition of the overwhelming legal opinion that the refund provision would never stand up in court.

In the meantime, the battle raged. During a June 5 subcommittee hearing, Rep. Eckart produced a memo less than a day old in which Graham and Dawson charged Scanlon with undercutting the ATV case by removing two agency lawyers. "Some people were wondering how Eckart got the memo so fast," says one Scanlon supporter. "I figure they probably sent Eckart some letterhead and let him write it himself." A Scanlon aide explains that the case was referred to the Justice Department four months before the change of attorneys, and that in their place Scanlon appointed more experienced negotiators to face the ATV industry's counsel, former White House chief counsel Lloyd Cutler. Graham and Dawson continue to deny this explanation; Graham recently hired one of the transferred lawyers as her special assistant.

Scanlon also took heat from his lady friends over the temporary reassignment of CPSC compliance chief David Schmeltzer, who is viewed by consumer activists as an exemplary staffer, and by de-regulators as "a blue ribbon Naderite." This management change earned two sizzling memos from the commissioners, and within weeks Eckart and Rep. James Florio (D-NJ) introduced legislation that would lead to Scanlon's removal from the chairmanship.

While Scanlon supporters are happy to have Dawson back in their corner on the ATV refund, her role has been taken over by D'Amato, whose attacks on the chairman are more than tongue lashings. A D'Amato amendment tacked onto the infamous 1987 Continuing Resolution called for the dismissal of most of Scanlon's political appointees, including the nephew of New York's Cardinal O'Connor. "Here is a supposedly conservative Republican senator who owes his election to the New York Conservative party going all out to destroy one of the last Reaganites in Washington, and to put five of his people out on the street," says one staffer.

Why did D'Amato do it? His director of communication, Ed Martin, says his boss's concern stems from the fact that "New York has the second highest ATV-related death rate in the country. The more the senator examined the issue, the more concerned he became with Mr. Scanlon's handling of the case." *Human Events* suggests a more prosaic reason: D'Amato staffer Anne Miano is married to Phil Bechtel, one of the lawyers Scanlon removed from the ATV case. "The bottom line," says a Scanlon supporter, "is that a Republican senator is hurting the very people he should be helping."

Whatever the cause, the senator's animosity toward Scanlon erupted during a January 28 oversight hearing on the ATV settlement, during which he denounced the settlement as a "sham" and a "bill of rights for the Japanese-based ATV manufacturers" (D'Amato mentioned the nationality of the manufacturers repeatedly during his testimony). He also personally attacked Scanlon, as he had at the earlier hearing.

On top of that, D'Amato held up Carter-era appointees David Pittle and Stuart Statler as models for Scanlon: "If either of these gentlemen were now chairing CPSC, I am certain that this debacle of a settlement would not have come about," he concluded. (Statler, at the same hearing, admitted to representing Polaris, an American ATV manufacturer praised by D'Amato.)

There are signs that the political pressure is beginning to wear on Scanlon. Following the firestorm, "Schmeltzer the Naderite" was returned to his old post as head of the compliance directorate. Scanlon also voted to force cigarette manufacturers to child-proof their products, a move far beyond what he had advocated in the past. Scanlon supporters are disturbed. "Flip-flopping like this doesn't do Terry any good," says one.

"But it's more than that," says another. "You expect your enemies to fight you. But look how the Republicans have treated Scanlon. He defects, and they walk him to the guillotine and put him at the front of the line. If I was a Democrat thinking about switching, I'd look at what happened to Terry Scanlon, and I'd stay as far the hell away from the Republicans as I could." □

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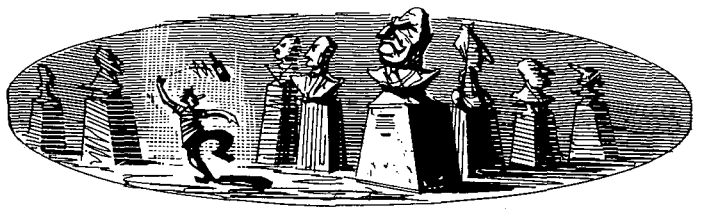

HUMMON TALMADGE OF GEORGIA

by Eugene Methvin

When a man writes his own memoir, he is entitled to remember whatever he pleases and however he pleases. But the rest of us are entitled to remember what he leaves out, and that may be more fun as well as more illuminating. This was the case for me when a friend recently placed in my hands a copy of former U.S. Senator Herman E. Talmadge's book, *Talmadge: A Political Legacy, A Politician's Life—A Memoir.*[1] Now 74 years old and married to a much younger wife (his third), "Hummon" Talmadge is living quietly in Atlanta. Awhile back, this latter-day survivor of the bygone era of Southern racist demagogues sat down with a couple of history professors and recorded some reminiscences; a Clemson University English professor edited them into the book.

Let's get one thing straight right here: I am hardly an unbiased observer. Herman Talmadge's pappy, Gene, first ran for public office in a race for the Georgia senate in 1922, and my grandpappy, a country weekly editor in the next county, helped whip him. And hostilities aren't going to cease merely to give *American Spectator* readers an objective account of what this archscoundrel of Southern politics has to say in his self-styled "memoir," which might more accurately be labelled an apologia.

First, a few undisputed facts. Gene Talmadge served as Georgia's governor in 1933-37 and 1941-43. He ran for the U.S. Senate in 1936 against Richard B. Russell and in 1938 against Walter F. George and lost both times. He won a 1946 election for governor, but died before his inauguration. His son Hummon laid claim to the office via a peculiar political machination which the state supreme court nixed; then he won an election in 1948 to complete his father's unexpired term and re-election to a full four-year term in 1950. He forced the aging Senator George to retire and won his seat in 1956, serving until 1980 when an Indiana-born carpetbagger Republican defeated him in the Year of Reagan. Talmadge was crippled before the election by his alcoholism (which to his credit he has controlled), by a messy divorce from a popular wife, and by an office scandal that resulted in his administrative assistant going to prison for embezzlement and a Senate "reprimand"—the lightest possible tap since the case was thin—for Talmadge himself.

To this curmudgeonly critic, Hummon Talmadge was a quintessential political chameleon who deftly changed color as the electorate changed. The Talmadges were racist demagogues who gave leadership only in the wrong direction when it mattered. They shouted "nigger!" from half the stumps in Georgia, stirring the worst dragons of men's souls with promises of "white supremacy" and "segregation forever." They drew their support from the people who regarded blacks as little more than draft animals, and from many more who were simply so desperately poor and bent by deprivation their only claim to human dignity was that they were "white men" and therefore "superior" under the Jim Crow system. The Talmadges also drew support from a lot of wealthy "power structure" denizens for whom they kept income and property taxes low, since the poor whites were encouraged to pay more attention to their governor's support for "white supremacy" than his position on matters like free school books, regressive sales taxes, and such. What the San Andreas Fault is to California geology, the Talmadge/anti-Talmadge rift was to Georgia politics for thirty years. And both Talmadges, father and son, stood astride that rift like howling witch doctors rattling and chanting to bring on the great earthquake—as long as there were votes to be gained by the performance.

Herman Talmadge first burst upon the national scene in 1946 in one of the great tragicomic episodes of American political history—the first "armed coup d'état" in U.S. annals, one protagonist called it. Old Gene won the gubernatorial race that year, but died in December before his inauguration. Herman and his dad's cohorts knew their man was dying of cancer before the November general election, which in those days of the one-party South attracted little interest since everybody voted for the nominees selected in the knock-down, drag-out Democratic primaries. They also knew that the state constitution, under an archaic clause dating from Revolutionary War times, provided that, in case of the death of a governor-elect, the legislature should choose from the two candidates having the next highest number of votes who were willing to serve. Herman quietly passed word to the boys to organize a little write-in campaign so he would have enough votes to lay claim to a legislative candidacy. They got him 617 votes, and when that was not enough to put him ahead of an obscure tombstone salesman who polled 637, they found another fifty-eight votes that had been "placed in the wrong envelope." Those votes happened to come from the Talmadges' home county, Telfair, in the Great Ocmulgee Swamp country, a region noted for bootleg whiskey, felonious assault, and vote stealing. A nosy *Atlanta Journal* reporter later earned a Pulitzer Prize for showing that Herman's extra fifty-eight votes came from people who rose up out of the cemeteries, marched to the polls in alphabetical order, cast their write-in votes for the Talmadge son, and presumably went back to their graves. (One Georgia political wag announced that he too wanted to be buried in Telfair County when he died, "so's I can remain politically active.")

Georgia's governor at the time, Ellis

[1]By Herman E. Talmadge with Mark Royden Winchell, Peachtree Publishers (Atlanta), $17.95.

Eugene Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

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Arnall, cited another constitutional clause saying the governor should serve until his successor was duly qualified. He waited until the lieutenant governor, M. E. Thompson, was inaugurated, and resigned, whereupon Thompson claimed the governorship, there being no occupant of the office. Herman summoned crowds of rowdy Talmadgistas to Atlanta, and in the midst of a mob-like atmosphere, the legislature elected him. The mob marched on Arnall's office, and when his chauffeur tried to bar their way, somebody slugged him and broke his jaw. They changed the locks, and Talmadge admits that on his first day he strode into office with a .38 Smith and Wesson tucked in his belt. Then as the nation watched gaga-eyed, for sixty-three days Georgia had two governors.

The impasse was resolved when the state supreme court ruled that Thompson was the lawful governor, and Talmadge yielded the office.

Today, forty years later, Herman tries to palm this episode off on us as his earnest effort to carry out "the will of the people" who, in 1946, gave his father "the largest vote in his entire career." Like a crown prince, he reasons, "I had inherited my daddy's support." He omits mentioning that Old Gene came in second in that primary election. His opponent, James V. Carmichael, actually outpolled him by 9,000 votes but was denied the Democratic nomination by the peculiar Georgia "county unit" system, akin to the electoral college, that favored South Georgia pine trees over urban voters in Atlanta and other population centers. (The Supreme Court ruled the system unconstitutional in the 1964 *Wesberry* v. *Sanders* decision.) So much for the "will of the people."

These were violent times in Georgia race relations. A Ku Klux Klan resurgence began with the end of World War II and the return of black and white veterans. On May 7, 1945, the very day the Nazi high command surrendered in Europe, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision that looks shocking today, but was hardly remarkable given civil rights jurisprudence of the time.

M. Claude Screws, sheriff of Baker County, Georgia, had had a grudge against a black man and with two deputies went to a bar one night, tanked up, and then went to the man's home to serve a warrant charging theft of a tire. As they took their handcuffed prisoner out of their car on the courthouse square, the man apparently said something provocative, whereupon they proceeded to beat him with fists and an eight-inch solid-bar blackjack weighing two pounds. The man died an hour later. The U.S. Attorney, a distinguished lawyer from my hometown and a former law partner of Senator Walter F. George, prosecuted and a Georgia jury convicted Screws and his cohorts under the old 1872 anti-Klan law making it a felony to deprive a person "under color of law" by reasons of his race of rights secured under the U.S. Constitution. The defendants got maximum sentences.

But in Washington the justices said the law required proof of specific intent to deprive a victim of federal rights, an interpretation that as a practical matter freed Southern mobs of fear of federal intervention.

Just weeks after the bitter 1946 election twenty masked men seized two black men and their wives on a public road in Walton County, about fifty miles east of Atlanta, marched them out into the woods, and shot them to pieces. One of the men had just been discharged after five years' service in the U.S. Army. The women, sisters, were killed because one of the mobsters thought he had been recognized. No one was ever prosecuted.

To Georgia's moderate and liberal whites, the fight against the Talmadges seemed a contest of civilization versus savagery. Today Talmadge boasts: "When I was governor we passed a bill unmasking the Klan." Under an old Roman legal maxim, to suggest the false while suppressing the true is to lie—and by that rule Hummon is as guilty as if he murdered his mother with a rusty ax in broad daylight in a downtown department store. The anti-mask bill passed the legislature in 1951 with a silent nod from Talmadge, but two years before, in January 1949 when Talmadge was in complete control of the legislature, his gang had tabled an anti-mask law. Talmadge reversed his stand only after five years of the bitterest political trench-fighting any state has ever seen, and only after Georgia's voters gave Talmadge the scare of his political life by almost throwing the rascal out.

In 1948 Talmadge ousted Acting Governor Thompson, a lackluster but courageous ex-schoolteacher, by a vote of 357,865 to 312,035. But after two years of rampant Ku Kluxery Thompson challenged Talmadge to a rematch, made law and order the cutting issue, and nearly won. Thompson polled 279,137 to Talmadge's 287,637, and Hummon actually got only 49.6 percent of the total since minor candidates polled 13,300. In my home county, Dooly, in 1948 Talmadge rang up a 499-vote majority out of about 2,000 cast; after two years of night-riding and cross-burning, voters in that usual Talmadge stronghold gave Hummon only a thirty-vote majority. The local newspaper—edited by my parents—termed it "a political tumble as surprising as a Republican victory in Georgia would be." Legend has it that Talmadge himself, on election night, remarked when he saw the Dooly County return: "That does it; we'll pass the anti-Klan bill."

The tragedy of Herman Talmadge is that he had so much political talent and such a devoted following that he might have moved mountains, and yet he accomplished so little. What was possible for a Southern politician of that day? While Hummon was stirring the worst racist passions, over in Alabama Governor "Big Jim" Folsom delivered this Christmas message in 1949: "Negroes constitute 35 percent of our population. Are they getting 35 percent of the fair share of living? Are they getting adequate medical care to rid themselves of hookworm, rickets and social diseases?" There has been too much "stirring of old hatred and prejudices and false alarms," Folsom said. "The best way in the world to break this down is to lend our ears to the teachings of Christianity and the ways of democracy."

Folsom, who died last November, was re-elected in 1954, the year of the Supreme Court's *Brown* v. *Board of Education* desegregation ruling. Herman's term ended the following January, and two years later he went to the Senate, but even after he was safely ensconced, he continued to preach "massive resistance" and stump the state for the segregationist front, the States Rights councils. Had he exercised a little Burkean leadership, the nation's racial travails of the next fifteen years might have been vastly eased. Today he claims he considered the end of segregation inevitable and all the while worked and aimed for the reduction of racial barriers to roughly the open society we enjoy today. To anyone familiar with the record, the pose is preposterous. □

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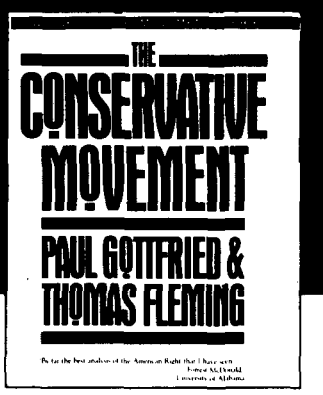

The Conservative Movement

Paul Gottfried and Thomas Fleming

Appearing in a crucial presidential election year, this is a timely analysis of one of the most powerful political and social forces in America. It is the first objective critical approach to the conservative movement, clarifying its ideologies, goals, impact, differences with liberalism, and growth from 1945 to 1987. Quoting politicans, lobbyists, journalists and intellectuals — including Burke, Buckley, Kirk and many others — scholars Gottfried and Fleming clearly outline the characteristics of conservatism: an anti-Soviet stance, advocacy of unlimited material opportunity, and exaltation of custom as the protector of social morality. A significant contribution of this study is its exposé of the movement's fragmentation. In their thought-provoking chapter on conservatism's future after Reagan, the authors predict that this fragmentation may be the movement's demise.

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THE KUWAITI EXCEPTION

by Daniel Pipes

Kuwait City

It all started with the anguished complaints I read in the Kuwaiti press in late 1985. They made no sense at the time: how could it be that American officials were pressuring the Kuwaiti government to release convicted terrorists, contradicting everything that was then known about U.S. policy? Unable to figure out what to make of these reports, I filed them away.

A year later, of course, they made sense. When the U.S. arms-for-hostages deals with Iran became public, I retrieved the Kuwaiti reports and published an article in the *Wall Street Journal* telling how the United States government had tried to spring convicted terrorists. The article also noted that the Kuwaiti authorities had resisted our efforts as well as a wide range of terrorist challenges—including an attack on their oil facilities and an attempt to assassinate the Kuwaiti ruler. I compared Kuwait's actions favorably with the empty bluster about terrorism coming from U.S., Israeli, and West European officials—all of whom had recently appeased terrorists. I ended the article with a salute to the true Arab honor of the Kuwaiti emir.

It had not occurred to me that Kuwaitis would take note of the piece. But they did; it became the leading news item in Kuwait a few days later. *As-Siyasa*, for example, had a banner headline across the front page, "Emir Jaber Only Ruler Refusing Deal With Terrorists: Stand Represents True Arab Honor." Other papers followed suit. "Accounts of the column reverberated on state-run television and radio for two days," said the *Washington Post*, "while minimal official notice was taken of President Reagan's personal letter to Emir Jaber Sabah." Abuse us as they may, I thought, but foreign governments continue to set great store by the views of Americans. I filed these clippings away as a curiosity and forgot the incident. It came as a surprise when a letter from the Kuwaiti ambassador in Washington arrived, inviting me to visit his country as a guest of the minister of information. Long curious to see the place, I accepted.

Traveling from the United States, one reaches Kuwait from the northwest, across the huge, uninhabited Arabian desert. After two hours of nothing but blank terrain only in the last seconds before touchdown does one finally catch the blue sea and the angular irregularities of a gray, anonymously modern city.

This impression is confirmed by a drive through Kuwait City, where 90 percent of Kuwait's residents live. The roadways are enormous, efficient, and clean; the stores, brightly lit and modern. But virtually every trace of the older buildings, city walls, and roads has been obliterated, leaving the city without character. Anything more than twenty years old is antique. To imagine Kuwait, forget bazaars, citadels, crowded roads; this place resembles Houston much more than the ancient cities of the Middle East. And the similarity of the two goes beyond architecture and city planning: Kuwait shares with Houston a scorching climate and an almost complete absence of evident history. Both rose with the oil boom of the 1970s and both suffer from the glut of the eighties.

What is of real interest in Kuwait—and what makes it most unlike Houston—is its population. Geography and history pale beside the country's unique economic and social life. Until the 1940s, the Kuwaitis lived in a backwater delineated by Islam, the desert, pearl diving, fishing, and a bit of trade. Then oil suddenly thrust Kuwaitis into the world economy, made them rich, gave them power, and deluged them with Western culture. Consequently, I expected Kuwait to be a dull, parasitical society, where foreign workers do all the work, citizens lounge in decadent luxury, and nothing serious happens. My expectations were not entirely off the mark, but the country has its attractions nonetheless.

The first thing to know about Kuwait, of course, is that it has an immense reserve of oil under its sands. Those reserves are currently estimated at 10 million metric tons, the second largest in the world, after Saudi Arabia's 16 million tons. (The United States has only 4 million tons.) The second thing to know is that it is non-Kuwaitis who explore, drill, refine, transport, and consume this oil. Kuwaitis contribute little but raw material to the industry that sustains them.

Oddly enough, however, the unearned quality of Kuwait's money has hardly affected the country's consciousness. A swirl of activity—a war to discuss, business to transact, parties to attend, consumer items to enjoy—makes the contingency of their affluence a distant and rather theoretical point. Were a visitor to arrive in Kuwait not knowing the source of its wealth, he might not catch on for months.

The demographics of Kuwait are unusual, to say the least. Citizens number only 600,000; expatriate laborers total twice that. Recent figures indicate that 82 percent of the work force is foreign; even among government employees (the favorite occupation of the citizenry), two-thirds are foreign. Further, these workers keep easy work hours; in theory, offices are open from 7:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., when they close for the day, but I never got an appointment before 10 a.m.

Foreign workers come from 130 countries and divide themselves along occupational lines. In the Meridien Hotel where I stayed, for instance, Egyptians and Lebanese worked the front desk (they speak Arabic, English, and French), Filipinos served food, and Indians cleaned the rooms. Few non-Arab workers speak Arabic, but almost all of them speak English, and they are so numerous that English has become a lingua franca. Indeed, a Kuwaiti who cannot speak English is at a severe disadvantage when he wants to make a purchase, give orders to his servant, or even lodge a complaint with the police. No wonder he feels culturally threatened and bemoans the presence of foreigners even as he enjoys the benefits of their labor.

Having Kuwaiti citizenship is tantamount to holding an aristocratic title. What Aristotle wrote about every man needing a slave applies to Kuwait, except that every man, woman, and child in effect has two servants. Citizens exude a sense of well-being and superiority, of confidence and ease in command; they are used to giving orders and being given the best in return.

It is the ultimate *rentier* society. Unlike other OPEC members, which still depend on oil sales for income, the Kuwaitis have salted away so much that they now derive more from investments than from oil revenues, which allows them to endure a downturn better than other exporting states. Never before in history has an entire population depended financially primarily on investments; never before has a whole country enjoyed the benefits of wealth before learning the skills that created that wealth. One can look at Kuwait as a very expensive experiment for social scientists to study; even better, as a unique creation waiting to be explored and explained by novelists.

Kuwait has a real, if discreet, political life centered on the traditional institution called the *diwaniya*. Any man with the means can build himself a *diwaniya*, a large room with chairs and sofas around the edges where most evenings he holds an open house for male Kuwaiti citizens. The crowd a *diwaniya* attracts depends on the standing of the host. Gossip, jokes, storytelling, and deal-making take up much of the time, but politics is the pervasive theme. The *diwaniyas* are the courts of public opinion in Kuwait. They have no official standing or power, of course, but they do provide a mechanism for the transfer of information and the exchange of opinions. In a society of aristocrats, surrounded by predatory neighbors and out-numbered by aliens, these opinions count.

I left Kuwait with two dominant impressions. First, enormous wealth permits Kuwaitis to enjoy an unusual degree of confidence in their relationship to Western civilization. In this they resemble the Japanese. Never mind that Japan got where it is through indigenous effort and Kuwait got it all from payments for oil; the result is similar. Both are free to choose on their own terms what they like from the West; absent is that sense of persistent pressure that so afflicts the poor countries. The result is a fluency in moving back and forth between cultures, and an easy openness toward Westerners.

Daniel Pipes, author of In the Path of God: Islam and Political Power *(Basic Books), is director of the Foreign Policy Institute in Philadelphia and editor of* Orbis, *its quarterly journal.*

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It also means that Kuwaitis, like Japanese, can preserve what they wish of their own culture. The men wear the characteristically flowing Arabian gowns and have not gone over to shirts and pants as in the rest of the Middle East. The sexes continue to live separate lives and are not pushed together by economic dictates. The *diwaniya* remains strong. And Kuwaitis, urban descendants of the Bedouin tent-dwellers, continue to cherish desert life, often spending vacations encamped in the sands.

Second, I finally understood why generations of Britons and Americans have found societies of the deserts seductive. (This had never been apparent to me from three years of living in Cairo, a much more profound but at the same time a far more Westernized city.) The Bedouins' upper-class demeanor contrasts strikingly with the hum-drum of democratic ways. Rulers are generous in a style reminiscent of *A Thousand and One Nights*. In Kuwait the old saw about the American who told the sheikh how much he admired the sheikh's golf clubs—and then received not a bag of golf clubs but the deed to an 18-hole golf club—hardly seems like an exaggeration.

My host, the minister of information, is a member of the ruling family (they avoid the term "royalty" in Kuwait) and a potential ruler of the country. Known as Sheikh Nasir, he is an outgoing and energetic aristocrat—the very model of an Arabian leader. He arranged for everything with a lavish hand: car, driver, and escort the whole time, a full schedule of meetings with cabinet ministers and other notables, invitations to public and private parties. The sheikh hosted a grand Bedouin-style lunch for me in the desert and then heaped gifts at my departure. On a more mundane level, the typical formal dinner I attended (for men only, of course) offered ten times more food than could possibly be eaten; as a result, half the dishes returned to the kitchen untouched. Those of us who trudge to the grocery store every week cannot help but feel giddy at this extravagance.

The ultimate question to ask about Kuwait and the other oil-exporting countries is: What have they to show for the hundreds of billions of dollars extracted at great pain from much of the world's population?

So far, the results are meager. The achievement amounts to making the good life available in one of the most inhospitable regions on earth. Goods are snapped up from the ultra-fashionable luxury stores with branches in Rome, New York, and Kuwait. Food comes from, among other places, New Zealand, the Sudan, France, and Argentina. Air conditioning is ubiquitous. There are more cars with telephones here than in Manhattan.

But is there anything beyond the fine buildings, the brand names, and the servants? Yes. There are ambitions to accomplish something, to have a constructive role. This means building a university, an institute for scientific research, a museum, a hospital specializing in Islamic medicine (whatever that may be—no one could explain the concept to me), and the like. Education has flowered; to my surprise, Kuwait has some sophisticated intellectuals. Indeed, with the demise of Lebanon, Kuwait has become an important cultural center for all Arabic-speaking countries. The best of the Middle East drifts to the oil-producing states for work, interesting foreign visitors pass through, and many citizens travel abroad. The most widely read Arabic magazine, *Al-'Arab*, comes from Kuwait and the Arabic version of "Sesame Street" originates here.

Although consumerism prevails, there is a chance—a better one than I would have guessed from a distance—that something worthwhile will come of this very expensive experiment. □

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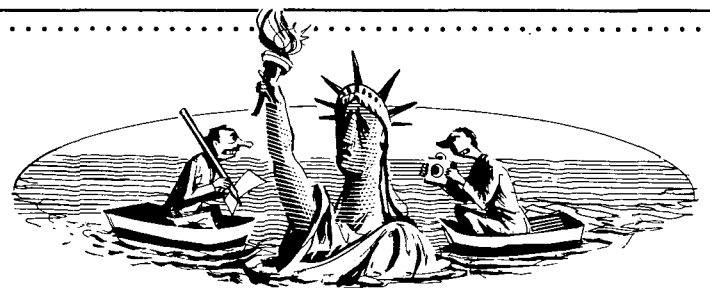

DEADLY REMINDERS

by Michael Ledeen

Lest we forget, the media have become part of government in this country (and in most other Western countries as well), but with certain significant differences:

•No accountability: journalists and editors are not elected, don't have to undergo grueling interrogations by congressional committees, don't have to submit to investigations for security clearances.

•No disclosure: the Freedom of Information Act doesn't apply to media (or Congress, for that matter), and Shield Laws guarantee journalists absolute (or near-absolute) protection of sources and methods.

•The need to kill: the media were elevated to governmental status after they brought down Nixon. Ever since they have had to remind the other branches of government that the media can kill, and the most effective reminder is murder-by-press.

Every now and then, there are little rumbles of discontent from other branches of the government, or even from the public, and the media's most common response is to remind the world how dangerous it is to mess with the press. The Reminder of the Month comes from Jonathan Alter ("with Howard Fineman") in the February 8 issue of *Newsweek* about the Bush-Rather altercation:

> There's another risk to attacking the press. When bitten, the media has a habit of biting back, which Bush may find costly. CBS, for instance, is hardly likely to let the ball drop on Iran-contra, and only partly because it smells an important story. And *Newsweek*? Roger Ailes, still angry at this magazine for its "Fighting the 'Wimp Factor' " cover story on Bush in October, said last week: "Here's a quote I bet you won't use. 'Roger Ailes refused to cooperate with *Newsweek*, saying, "I saw what you did to the vice president." ' " But Ailes may be forgetting a line from his own book, which, for better or for worse, reveals something unchangeable about the role of the media in public life: "Hostility is a no-win strategy with the press—they have the last word."

Terrorism

High marks, as usual, to the *Wall Street Journal*'s John Walcott for his fascinating story on how the American legal system ties itself in knots attempting to deal with terrorists. You may recall some time ago there were celebrations in the Justice Department for the arrest, in Venezuela, of a Mr. Mahmoud el-Abed Ahmad, who is accused by the government of Israel of being a leading member of the Abu Nidal terrorist organization. Mr. Ahmad is now in jail in New York, and his lawyer—can you guess?—Ramsey Clark, is arguing—can you guess?—that his client's activities are "political," not criminal, and that he thus should not be extradited to Israel.

Walcott observes, correctly, that "a ruling that Mr. Ahmad cannot be extradited because he was brought to justice improperly or because his acts were political would be a major blow to the Reagan administration's efforts to collar suspected terrorists overseas and bring them to the U.S. for trial or extradition." And he tells us, *en passant*, that the Justice Department has dropped its arrest warrant for Abu Abbas, the man who directed the hijacking of the *Achille Lauro* back in 1985. Why? Justice Department spokesman Patrick Korten says that "we don't have the evidence to win in an American court."

I doubt it. I worked all night to put together the evidence required to convince a federal judge to issue the arrest warrant in the first place, and the evidence is mighty impressive. It includes ship-to-shore communications in which Abu Abbas gave instructions to the terrorists on board the ship, and all that intelligence was declassified so that the judge would know it would be introduced into evidence at a trial. So I should hope that some of our investigative journalists will get on this case, and ask Attorney General Meese about the grounds on which his department has elected to drop its charges against Mr. A.A. They might also ask Mr. Meese to explain how it is that Italian justice has sentenced A.A., and we don't find the case convincing enough to stand by our arrest warrant. And while they're at it, why don't they ask the State Department what ever happened to that White Paper that was prepared on the activities of Abu Nidal. According to my friends in government, the department didn't want to slow down the engine of détente, and the White Paper would have shown a whole series of relations between Abu Nidal and East European countries (the same ones about which Deputy Secretary of State Whitehead constantly says "they're moving our way"). Perhaps there is a pattern of

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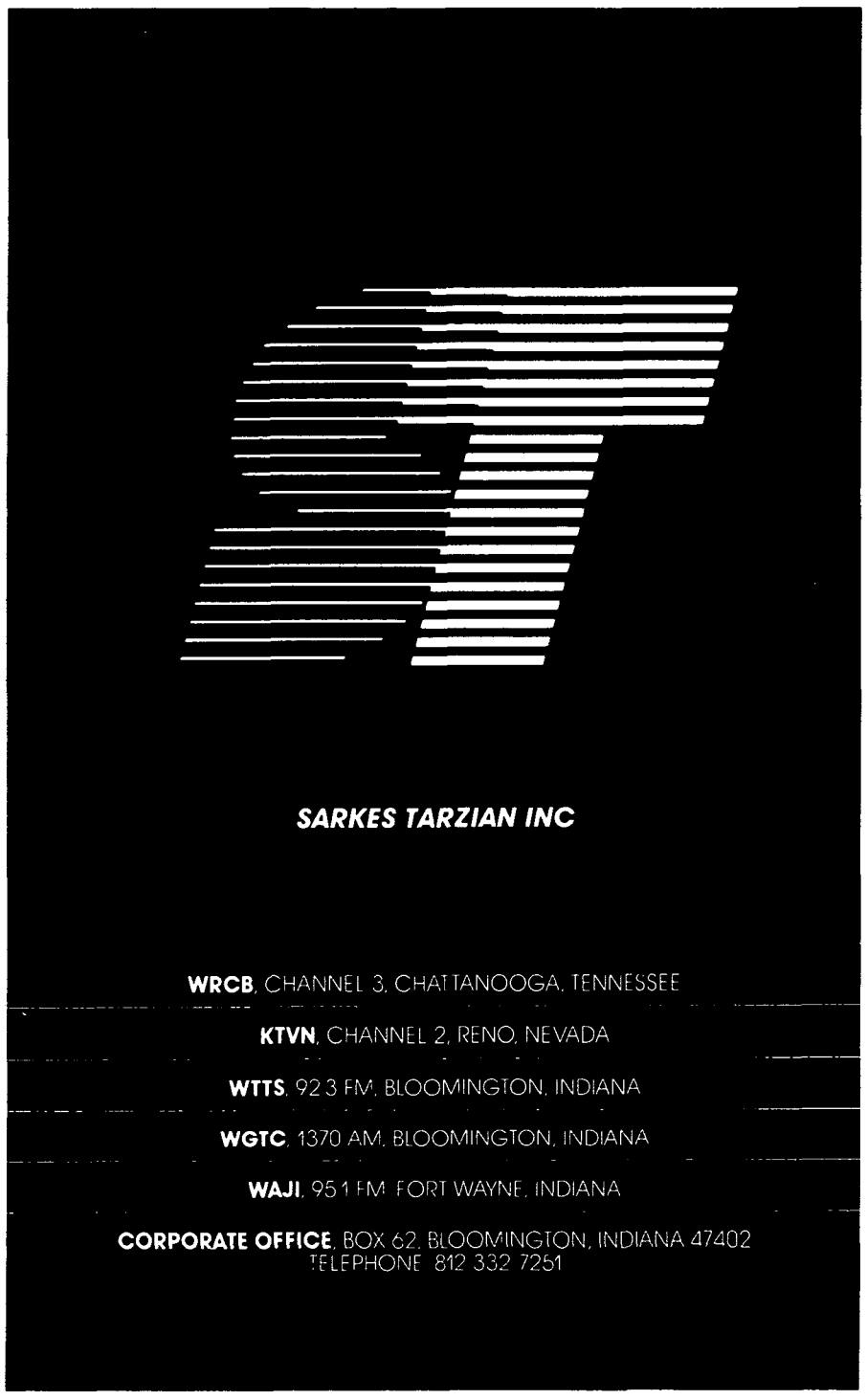
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behavior here. Mr. Woodward? Care to give it a try?

Another Story I Bet You Never Read

In the book section of this issue you'll find my review of *Red Horizons*, by Ian Mihai Pacepa, the former acting director of the Romanian intelligence service. He's one of the best sources I have ever come across, which has not prevented people in this government from badmouthing him to journalists. David Binder, of the *New York Times*, fell victim to this unfortunate campaign, when he wrote in his review of Pacepa's book that counterintelligence experts found that Pacepa constantly changed his story. In fact, aside from minor details of a sort that even the most impressive memory can confuse, Pacepa is considered a highly reliable man, and his information was so accurate that it resulted in the total dismantling of the Romanian service.

On last October 14, Bill Gertz wrote in the *Washington Times* that Pacepa had revealed that in 1975 Yassir Arafat asked Romania to cooperate with him in the assassination of Jordanian King Hussein. It's an important story, especially since Middle Eastniks often yearn for an Arab-Israeli settlement in which Arafat would end up as the protector of the PLO. Given this background, it's easy to understand why Hussein might be unenthusiastic about helping out a man who tried to have him murdered.

But I don't think you'll find a reference to it, aside from the *Washington Times*.

We Can Take It

The *Wall Street Journal*'s January 21 editorial, "The Age of Apology," should get an award for a rare combination of good humor and social commentary. The editorialists suggest that Jimmy the Greek deserved special treatment for his racist remarks to a television reporter. Instead of being fired, he should have undergone rehabilitation. The *Journal* thinks his colleague, Brent Musburger, could have made the following announcement:

> Mr. Snyder has voluntarily agreed to enter a clinic for wrongful thinking. Fairmind Associates has a history of successfully treating individuals who've developed tendencies to resent anyone else's values, life style, cause or sense of self-worth. We have every hope that after completing his course of attitude therapy, Mr. Snyder will be able to rejoin the CBS Sports team.

They got it right, as they usually do. Our public life is in danger of becoming a vast confessional, the end result of which is a further homogenization of thought. And the basis for TV-think is, invariably, the lowest common denominator.

Which prompts a further question: if the media are so relentless in fighting for an absolute interpretation of the First Amendment, according to which they have the right to say most anything about any public figure, why should people like Jimmy the Greek be purged for expressing an opinion, no matter how offensive it may be? Is it not more consistent with the media's own announced values to permit the unbridled expression of opinion, in a context where it is clearly that, and not masquerading as "news"?

Thomas Jefferson once said that even people advocating the destruction of democracy have the right to be heard: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

So let's have our media open the throttles; give us the real rough-and-tumble debate we often engage in in our private lives. We can take it, Brent Musburger. Hell, we can even take Dan Rather. □

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THE TALKIES

SUNNY AND CHER

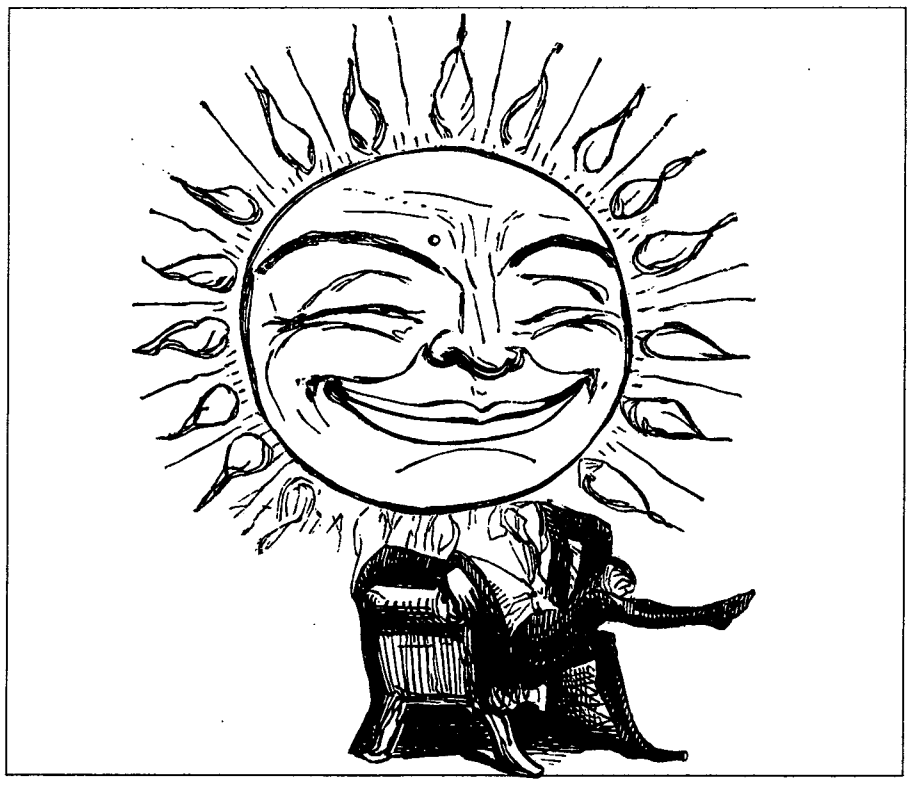
by Bruce Bawer

Two current films, *Empire of the Sun* and *Hope and Glory*, invite us to see World War II through the eyes of an English boy. Of the two, Steven Spielberg's *Empire*, which was written by Tom Stoppard and based on J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is a major disappointment. The film tells the story of Jim Graham (Christian Bale), a bratty eleven-year-old who is separated from his parents during the Japanese invasion of Shanghai and spends the war in an alien internment camp. It should be a compelling story, but no such luck; Spielberg, who is more in tune with the fantasy life of the typical lighthearted American boy than any other director, proves himself incapable of understanding the effect war might have upon a boy's psyche. In Ballard's novel, the war manipulates Jim's mind in ways that are complex, curious, even (superficially) contradictory, but ultimately comprehensible: he idolizes his Japanese captors, cherishes violence, cheers an American air raid; he learns "that kindness, which his parents and teachers had always urged upon him, counted for nothing" and feels lightheaded "not because his parents had rejected him but because he expected them to do so, and no longer cared."

But Spielberg's benign *Weltanschauung* simply can't accommodate such unwholesome states of mind; nor does he seem comfortable with the idea of aliens (of the non-extraterrestrial variety) who are vicious rather than friendly. Accordingly he does his best to treat war as if it were one of his usual escapist themes. While the film puts Jim through essentially the same paces as the novel does, it skirts the darker places in the boy's soul—the only places where his behavior makes sense—and thus gives us an incoherent, unconvincing protagonist whose director simply doesn't recognize the degree to which he is *not* the same as the innocent California suburban kids in *E.T.* When the boy salutes a group of Japanese pilots about to take off on a bombing raid, for instance, there should be irony and pathos in the air, but instead there's just the usual Spielbergian joy and wonder; likewise, when Jim sneaks out of the camp to trap a pheasant, the tone is precisely the same as when Richard Dreyfuss sneaks onto the alien landing strip in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. We never feel as if we know this boy intimately; he moves through the film with an urgency that feels willed, and at various climactic points breaks into big phony eyepopping bursts of enthusiasm or sorrow—at which moments the music invariably swells up as if to tell us what to feel. Yet we *don't* feel.

A big part of the problem is the film's unsuitably lush visual style. With the help of his cinematographer (Allen Daviau), lighting director, and production designer (Norman Reynolds), Spielberg makes everything, from the war-torn streets of Shanghai to the hovels of the internment camp, look distractingly beautiful. Indeed, it hardly seems an exaggeration to say that the real subject of the film is its own cinematography. Spielberg appears to be more interested in lighting surfaces in pretty ways than in exploring the ugly depths of the material; to him, the way the light reflects off of the suitcase that Jim throws into the water in the film's last shot would seem to be more important than his reason for throwing it. Another shot—of Jim standing behind the barbed wire of the camp—looks just like a Ralph Lauren ad in *GQ*. To look at these images is to recognize that Spielberg has absolutely no comprehension of the life they are supposed to represent. And the music doesn't help at all: John Williams has contributed one of his patented sappy-and-jaunty adventure-movie scores, which, while appropriate enough for a *Superman*, an *E.T.*, or an *Indiana Jones*, sounds particularly vacuous when coupled with images of a World War II internment camp.

Hope and Glory is another story entirely. Derived from writer-director John Boorman's own childhood, it depicts the Battle of Britain as experienced by eight-year-old Billy Rohan (Sebastian Rice Edwards) and his lower-middle-class London suburban family (including Sarah Miles as Mum). Like *Empire of the Sun*, the film is episodic; but unlike Spielberg's movie, Boorman's is scaled to the perceptions of a child. It has an honesty, a modesty that *Empire* sorely lacks; Boorman doesn't strain after epic effects, doesn't engage in pointless displays of cinematographic brilliance. Most importantly, he coaxes from Edwards a performance of subtlety and coherence, with the result that we feel throughout the film as if we truly know and care about this boy. If the bombastic *Empire of the Sun* leaves one cold, one is surprised to find oneself being intensely moved by the simplest events and the smallest gestures in *Hope and Glory*.



In the author's note to his 1986 play *The Dreamer Examines His Pillow*, John Patrick Shanley muses as follows:

> Who am I? This is a courageous question. . . . I have, at one time or another, denied everything. Every fact of my specific self. My parents, my Bronx origin, my Americanness, my Irishness, my appetites, my mortality, my need for love and acceptance, my jealousy, my violence, my anger. . . .

But he's not denying those things anymore. No sir, these days young Mr. Shanley is embracing himself wholeheartedly and, alas, is charging us up to seven dollars a head to watch. Yet if Shanley's screenplays in two current films, *Moonstruck* and *Five Corners*, prove anything, it is that to accept one's background and to be capable of writing about it with intelligence, sensitivity, and perception are two drastically different things; to see these films is to be astonished at the crudeness and superficiality—the sheer *falsity*—with which both the principal characters and their lower-middle-class ethnic Outer Boroughs milieux are drawn.

By far the better of the two films is *Moonstruck*, directed by Norman Jewison and starring Cher, wherein Shanley substitutes Brooklyn for the Bronx and Italians for Irishmen. The

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Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer. His latest book,* Diminishing Fictions*, will be published this spring by Graywolf Press.*

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film sets us down in present-day Brooklyn Heights, which in real life is Brooklyn's most expensive, highfalutin neighborhood, full of Wall Street yuppies and Benetton stores, but which has been cast here as a lower-middle-class Italian ghetto. The story could hardly be simpler. Cher plays a widow in her mid-thirties who has no sooner agreed to marry her unappealing, inarticulate boyfriend (Danny Aiello) than she falls in love with his equally unappealing, inarticulate estranged brother (Nicolas Cage). Everything about the film is pure Shanley. In place of characterization, he gives us goofy grotesquerie; in place of plot development, roller-coaster reversals. As ever, he confuses weirdness with wit: things are offbeat here for the sake of being offbeat. Cher's job? Office manager in a funeral parlor. The reason for the brothers' estrangement? A freak bakery accident, caused by Aiello, in which Cage lost some fingers, and which is described in such a way as to make the audience roar with laughter.

Everything in this film is played for laughs—and cheap ones at that. Yet every so often Shanley shifts abruptly from absurdist comedy into his own special brand of treacly sentiment: in one sequence, for instance, Cher, her mother, and her uncle all climb out of their beds in the middle of the night to stare at the moon and speak Great and Simple Truths to their respective bedpartners. Yawn. To enjoy the film on its own terms one must be willing to engage in Doublethink—to laugh, that is, at the cartoonlike qualities of Cher and Cage's romance, and yet to believe in (and to root for the triumph of) the romance; the soupy score—which draws on Puccini as well as the kitsch classic "That's Amore"—is there not only to amuse us with its schmaltzy excess but to touch our hearts. Aside from Cher's winning performance, though, what makes *Moonstruck* a palatable—and even, occasionally, a charming—entertainment is the fact that, for the most part, Shanley keeps it light.

Which is more than one can say for *Five Corners*. Directed by Tony Bill and set in a lower-middle-class Bronx neighborhood in 1964 (though it was actually shot in Queens), the movie covers two days in the lives of several local teenagers. Heinz (John Turtorro) is a psychotic thug who's just returned home from prison; Linda (Jodie Foster) is the girl he tried to rape two years ago; James (Todd Graff) is her boyfriend; Harry (Tim Robbins) is the huge, tough Irish street kid who saved her from Heinz last time around, but who, in the wake of his dad's murder and thanks to the rhetoric of Dr. Martin Luther King, has become—presto!—a convert to nonviolence.

Or so Shanley wants us to believe. Or maybe he doesn't; it's hard to say. There is so much that is unbelievable in this movie—so many extremely unlikely coincidences, decisions, lines of dialogue, and changes of character—that one gets the feeling that Shanley doesn't *believe* in believability, that he feels if we see something happening on screen, we should accept it and keep still, and not bother him with questions of motivation. After all, the more goofily erratic a character's behavior, the more *interesting* he is. The main plot itself—Heinz abducts Linda, and James and Harry give chase—gets underway as the result of a thoroughly unbelievable decision on Linda's part: Heinz phones her and tells her to meet him at midnight in the park, and she complies. Why? Who knows? The fundamental rules of dramatic construction don't appear to be relevant in these parts; indeed, one of Shanley's remarks in the aforementioned author's note would seem to indicate that he has little use for those rules: "I see no difference between writing a play and living my life. . . . It is all the same thing." Somebody who thinks this way has no business passing a playwriting course, let alone writing a film script.

There are related problems with the film. Its dialogue is frequently padded and stilted (a flaw more common among bad plays than bad movies), and its exposition generally clumsy ("Harry got so serious after his father died"). There's also a ridiculous subplot involving the shenanigans of two vapid gum-chewing girls who, waking up one morning in a strange flat, engage in typically sparkling Shanley dialogue: "I ain't wearin' no clothes." "I ain't wearin' no clothes either." Like *Moonstruck*, too, the film seems at times to be little more than a catalogue of tacky, eccentric, and/or grotesque details: the white sequined dress on a middle-aged woman in a bar, the awful picture of Jesus on Harry's mother's living room wall, the plastic flowers in Heinz's mother's hair, the cop with one foot twice as large as the other, the high-school teacher killed by an arrow. (Some of these details are particularly reminiscent of *Moonstruck*: for instance, in that film the heroine's lover is missing fingers; in this one he has a limp.)

This is not the only violent episode in *Five Corners*. By the end of the film, several people will be killed—most of them, naturally, in zany ways. Indeed, what makes *Five Corners* so much more intolerable than *Moonstruck*, in the end, is that Shanley here takes *Moonstruck*'s already uncomfortable mixture of absurdist comedy and shameless sentiment and adds two further ingredients: violence and serious political theme-mongering. Now, violence and absurdist comedy can be combined successfully: the Coen brothers did so in *Blood Simple*. But to combine these elements with the sort of simpleminded sentimentality and genial screwiness in which Shanley specializes is to court incoherence; and when Shanley throws in platitudes about civil rights and nonviolence, the whole structure collapses under the weight of its own pretensions. The truth is that Shanley, for all the distinctiveness of his style, simply does not have a strong sense of tonal control. Yes, he may have stopped denying his Irish Catholic parents and the Bronx natives among whom he was raised. But he's not quite sure how he wants us to feel about such people—for he is still less than certain how *he* feels about them. □

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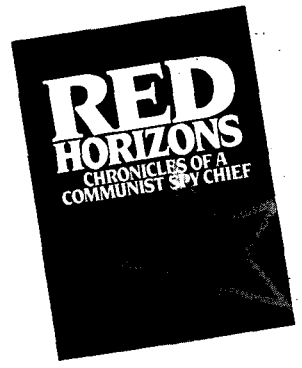

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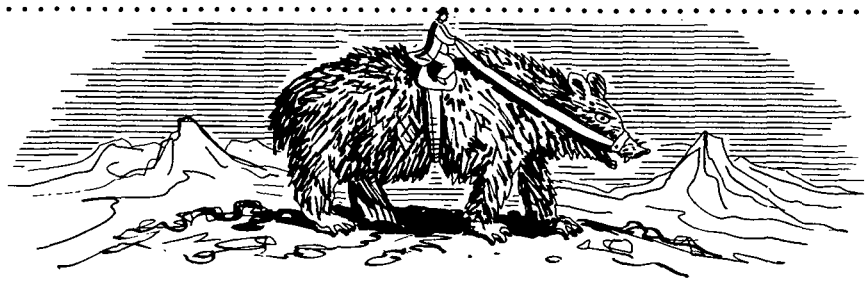

GLASTROIKA AT WORK

by Arnold Beichman

The other day I read a news story headlined "Moscow's Toilet Czar Loses Bonus over Mess." The chief manager of Moscow toilets, V. Prasolov, was reprimanded and lost his bonus—but not his job—for allowing the city's 343 public lavatories, serving a population of 12 million people, to fall into an "unspeakable" state. That exposé ran in *Moskovskaya Pravda*. And I began to think of what a gutsy thing Gorbachev's glastroika (*glasnost* plus *perestroika*) really is.

How, I began to wonder, how do the editors decide on what to expose on a given day? Who gets the assignment to investigate the Moscow toilet situation? Do they discuss the implications of such an exposé? Could such a story start a movement among the people? How were the toilets under Stalin, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Andropov, and Chernenko? And so I fell into a reverie in which the dialogue went something like this:

SCENE: Editorial offices, *Moskovskaya Pravda*, late morning. It's like any other BOGSAT[1] setting anywhere. The well-dressed man at the head of the table is the deputy editor, Ivan Borisovich Stoolyan. He is reading from a teletype:

"Dear Comrades, you are doing fine work for *glasnost* and *perestroika*. Now we have another job for you to do. It may be messy and smelly but it is an assignment just like any other and it has the support of the Central Committee and the Politburo. The Moscow toilets must be cleaned up and the conditions exposed. That's the order from Comrade Gorbachev. It's part of the restructuring.

"Somebody is going to have to be dumped off the sled and it's going to be Comrade Prasolov who should have been kicked out of his job years ago because for years he's been selling the toilet paper in the black market so that there's no paper in the toilets and the masses have to use the Party press. We can't have that . . ."

"But Comrade Stoolyan," interjects one of the junior editors, Mikhail Antonovich Latrinev, "it seems to me there are more important matters for us to expose than the Moscow toilet situation. In the first place, who in his right mind would ever use those toilets except for drunks and peasants from places like Kazakhstan? Second, what's the big deal—343 public toilets for 12 million people, that's how much?"—Mikhail Antonovich manipulates his abacus—"that's one toilet for 35,000 people. Why should we point out the lack of public toilets in Moscow? Who even knows where they are? It's really a ridiculous idea. Let's forget it."

Now interposes the paper's pipe-smoking political writer, Yosif Sergeyevich Intestinov, who speaks in a low tone:

"Comrades, on the surface an expose of the Moscow toilet situation may sound like a poor idea. But I cannot believe that the Central Committee and the Politburo are doing something stupid. True, on the surface it looks dumb but I'm sure the organs like the Politburo and the KGB and the Central Committee have something in mind that we haven't been told about."

At this point, the office door opens and in comes the paper's editor-in-chief, Nikolai Tikhonovich Krapov. He sits down quietly at the head of the table and for a few moments listens to the discussion. He begins:

"Comrades, I heard about this assignment from the organs and I must tell you frankly that I didn't think much of it at first. In fact I didn't like it at all. So I went down to see some of my friends at the Central Committee to find out what it's all about. When I heard their reasoning, I changed my mind. The Moscow toilet expose is on and I want our best reporters and writers to get involved. Let me tell you why."

He pauses to take a drink of water from a carafe which everybody knows is pure vodka.

"Comrades," he begins anew, "what we have to understand is that we have a problem about human rights with the United States. Whatever we do is never good enough. We've been letting out one family a week and do we get any credit? No.

"So we're going to make such a case against the United States they'll be sorry they ever started this human rights nonsense. Comrades, have you ever seen the New York subway toilets? Now there you have a human rights violation! Comrades, have you ever seen the public toilets in London? They make our Moscow toilets look like Raisa's dacha. Our KGB resident has reported that the toilets in Piccadilly became so awful they had to be closed down, but there are still some in Leicester Square and everybody knows what goes on there.

"The Central Committee maintains that it is a human right to have a clean public toilet in a large city. You never can tell when you'll have to use it. In New York, half the time, according to the KGB, the subway toilets are closed because of flooding. We've been investigating the toilets in New York, London and Paris and we've got the photographs."

The carafe on the table was empty now, and Comrade Krapov rushed to conclude.

"Now, comrades, do you understand? We are going to expose the commissar of Moscow toilets, Prasolov, and tell him how lucky he is that Stalin isn't around. Next, we're going to get those toilets cleaned. And then we're going to hold up the photographs and show videotapes of the subway toilets in New York and we're going to demand that the millions and millions of workers who pay a dollar instead of a few kopecks for a single ride get clean toilets. What right, we're going to say to the imperialists, do you have to condemn us for violations of human rights when your own citizens don't dare use the toilets in your subways and public squares? As Jean-Paul Sartre used to tell the Americans when they attacked our Motherland, 'What right do you Americans have to condemn Russia for slave labor in Siberia when the masses in the South have outhouses and pellagra?' It was a good question then and today we have the New York subway toilets."

Mayor Koch, you've been warned. □

[1]BOGSAT is a Washington acronym for "Bunch of Guys Sitting Around a Table."

Arnold Beichman is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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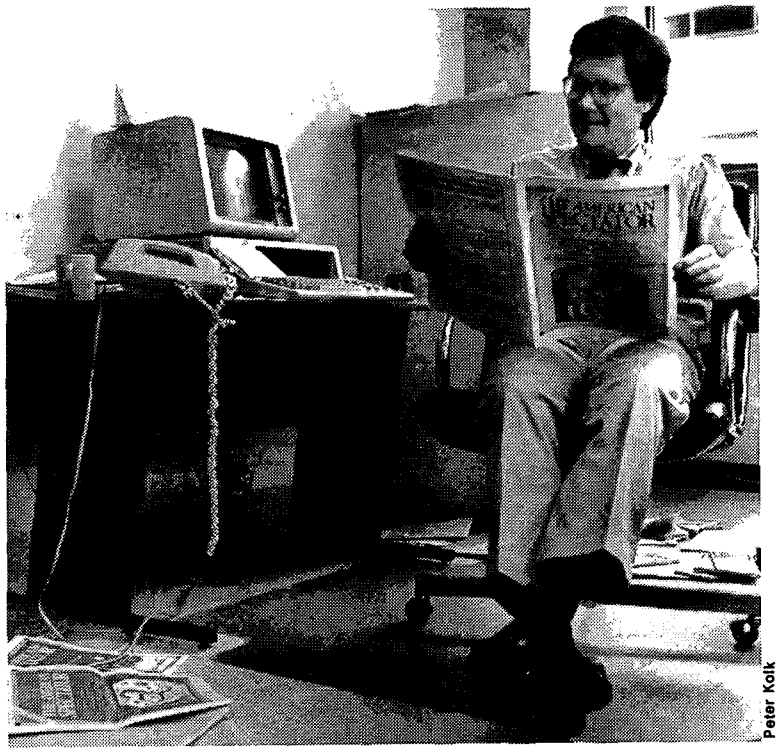

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BOOK REVIEWS

PAPER MEDICINE MAN: JOHN GREGORY BOURKE AND HIS AMERICAN WEST

Joseph C. Porter/University of Oklahoma Press/$29.95

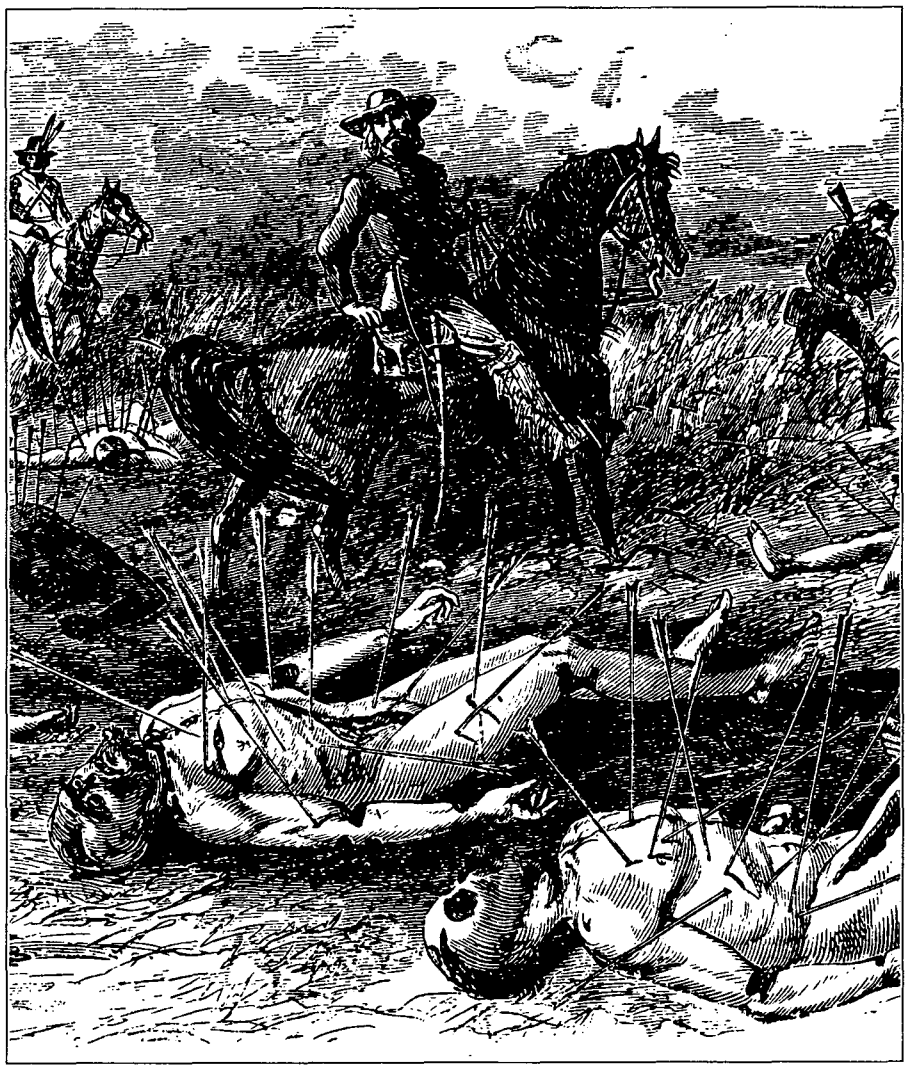
Wayne Michael Sarf

A young man I used to know claimed descent from an African king who, he said, had once ostentatiously floated a boat on the blood of slaughtered French soldiers. He added that it was a small boat. Our Victorian ancestors, placing little emphasis on tolerating others' customs, might have smugly denounced such "savagery"; but things are of course quite different now, and we are expected to tolerate everybody (save perhaps benighted Victorian ancestors). Captain John Gregory Bourke, one of those eminent Victorian soldier-scientists who sought to view other cultures with professional detachment, is best known today for his 1891 frontier classic *On the Border with Crook*—a panorama of barbaric combats, picaresque scouts, manly soldiers, and stalwart red men, unrolled in charming style by an obviously perceptive and broad-minded officer. Such an impression of Bourke is not so much incorrect as incomplete; but then, as Joseph C. Porter demonstrates in *Paper Medicine Man*, Bourke kept busy.

By the age of twenty-three, the precocious Bourke had left college, become a sixteen-year-old Pennsylvania cavalryman, earned a Medal of Honor under Confederate fire, and been graduated from West Point into the tiny postbellum army. Fighting with the Third Cavalry against Apaches, his attitude toward "these incorrigible devils" was unremarkable, and when a friendly Apache presented him with a "hostile's" scalp and ears, Bourke had the ears framed and used the scalp for a lamp mat: only when a friend nearly fainted at the sight did he realize "how brutal and inhuman I had been" and ordered them buried. Working with the Apache scouts enlisted by General George Crook, and intrigued by his efficiently lethal companions, he found himself shocked by some of their customs—and carefully recording them in his diaries.

As Crook's aide during the 1876 Sioux War, Bourke was inspired to learn the Plains sign language, though still asserting that he had not seen enough "nobleness of mind" among Indians to equal that of an ordinary "Bowery tough." After Custer's defeat, when "Grief, Revenge, Sorrow, and Fear stalked among us," he participated in Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's attack on Dull Knife's Cheyenne village, the captured lodges yielding up trophies of the Little Big Horn—as well as a Shoshoni woman's arm and hand, and a bag holding the right hands of twelve Shoshoni babies; though revolted by such mutilations, Bourke acquired a necklace displaying ten fingers and a human scrotum. (He also proved more methodical than one recent chronicler who, bewailing the blow to "Cheyenne material culture" dealt by the camp's destruction, mysteriously forgot to mention these items.) Porter sees his Plains experiences as concluding a shift in attitude, Bourke henceforth approaching Indians less as a potential opponent than as a student, eagerly awaiting his chance to savor the delicacy "choked-pup." Like many Army officers, he got along rather well with former Indian enemies, collecting pictographs, seeking out informants so old they could remember having only dogs as pack-animals, and quizzing warriors who had helped destroy Custer.

By 1881 Bourke had compiled over 4,000 pages of notes on Indian cultures, and his writings attracted the attention of the government's new Bureau of Ethnology. Rationalistic, rejecting racialist theories, and with a model of man and society borrowed from Scottish Enlightenment philosophers, Bourke and his fellow ethnologists "saw in nonindustrial cultures the living history of their own civilization. When he was with a Crow, Cheyenne, or Lakota warrior, Bourke was not only talking to a friend, a fellow fighting man, and a knowledgeable source about the events of the Great Plains, but, in his opinion, also with a living historical specimen." The history of human societies was seen as a progression from "rudeness" to "savagery" to "civilization"—the highest state, of course, being a thoroughly modern Victorian. But while using their own culture as a standard, they sought to analyze rather than denounce; Bourke, for example, excused Indian mutilations as natural in a "savage" hunting society. "We enlightened people who prate so much about our goodness and elevation would do just the same," he admonished, holding that whites had "but little more morality than the savage, mean as he is; but we have a great deal more bread and butter."



Helping whites understand their own prehistory, anthropological knowledge could, it was thought, also ease Indians down the "white man's road"—and since Indian cultures would presumably vanish now that no permanent tribal "preserve" was foreseeable, it was imperative to study them within a generation. Study never implied retarding the march of progress as commanding general Philip Sheridan well knew; when Bourke requested a free-roaming ethnological assignment in 1881, Sheridan gladly placed men, supplies, and transportation at his disposal. Posting eight witnesses to avoid missing details of the Sioux Sun Dance, and finding his surroundings "in many respects diabolical" but also fascinating and impressive, he secured bloody skewers torn from dancers' breasts. When an Oglala chief urged him not to think the Sioux "strange," Bourke could soothingly reply, "Our grandfathers used to be like yours hundreds and thousands of years ago, but now we are different. Your religion brought you the buffalo, ours brought us locomotives and the talking wires."

Bourke was sometimes less considerate. Impressed when researching the Navajos, he then visited twenty-two Indian pueblos in eight months, sometimes displaying a condescension that he had never felt toward the Apaches, Navajos, or Plains Indians. (Bourke did not live to see the irony of 1960s

Wayne Michael Sarf is the author of God Bless You, Buffalo Bill: A Layman's Guide to History and the Western Film.

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Aquarian Agers glorifying bellicose Indian cultures while insisting on their innate pacifism, but was instead moved to scorn the Hopis, or Moquis, partly by their very lack of martial prowess: "The Moquis are a nation without a hero; in the veins of every Navajo urchin courses the life-tide of 100 warriors each as brave in battle as the gallant Greeks who perished with Leonides.") Boorishly, he barged into sacred ceremonial chambers (once being bodily ejected), asked insulting questions, violated custom by buying sacred objects, and fought down panic while watching with "indescribable horror" (but without permission) the Hopis' Snake Dance: "You stick a pin in your leg: 'Can this be the 19th Century? Can this be the Christian land of America?' " He proved more empathetic with the Zuni and, though his prudery sometimes hindered his descriptive powers, more tolerant of their customs, including an (expurgated) Urine Dance during which the "dirty brutes drank heartily" of urine—and "miserable stinking rotten urine to boot"—after parodying a Catholic Mass.

Bourke served again as Crook's aide during the final Apache campaigns. Of all the Indians he met, he most admired these hardy warriors (though even among them he could go too far, sneakily sketching a blind man's medicine cap and damaging its Power); gratified, if puzzled, by his quest for knowledge, some of his Apache friends even took the name "Bourke." Although he did not belittle their richly complex religion, for Porter Bourke illustrates "the paradoxical existence" of cultural relativism and ethnocentrism within Victorian ethnology—a "salvage anthropologist" striving merely to rescue as much information as possible before that religion vanished. Precisely *because* Apache medicine men were among the most intelligent and astute men of their tribe, he insisted that their power had to be "shattered" before the Indian, as an Indian, could disappear as he and other white humanitarians desired.

Bourke knew that cornering the "bloody-handed old reptile" Geronimo and his band of Chiricahua diehards—able to travel amazing distances over terrain "where the white soldier droops and dies"—was virtually impossible using regular troops. Through his own writings and those of sympathizers, he tried to turn local opinion toward Crook's favorite tactic of using scouts from the enemy's own tribe. But frontier whites denounced Crook for the heretical notion of trusting Apaches, and even Sheridan, disliking his reliance on the scouts, replaced him as department commander in 1886 with the sometimes admirable General Nelson A. Miles.

It was not Miles's finest hour. Finally forced discreetly to adopt Crook's methods, he shamelessly orchestrated Geronimo's surrender in a way that can boil the blood a full century later, exiling to sickness or death in Florida not only Geronimo's few followers, but also some 382 peaceful Chiricahuas—including his own loyal scouts. Terming Miles "a shoulder-strapped fraud," Bourke, already an open fighter for Indian rights, joined other humanitarians in trying to aid the Chiricahuas, regarding the end of the Apache wars as a victory without honor. By 1890, writes Porter, he was "reflexively, unthinkingly, and emotionally condemning all government Indian policy, even when he was not personally well acquainted with the situation"—his diaries and letters "hysterical in tone" as he compared the controversial fight at Wounded Knee with such massacres as Sand Creek, illogically blaming General Miles even for this tragedy.

Numbering among his eminent friends and patrons Theodore Roosevelt and the historian Parkman, embraced by Washington's intellectual community, and enjoying both popular and critical success (the German edition of his *Scatologic Rites of All Nations* boasted a foreword by Freud),

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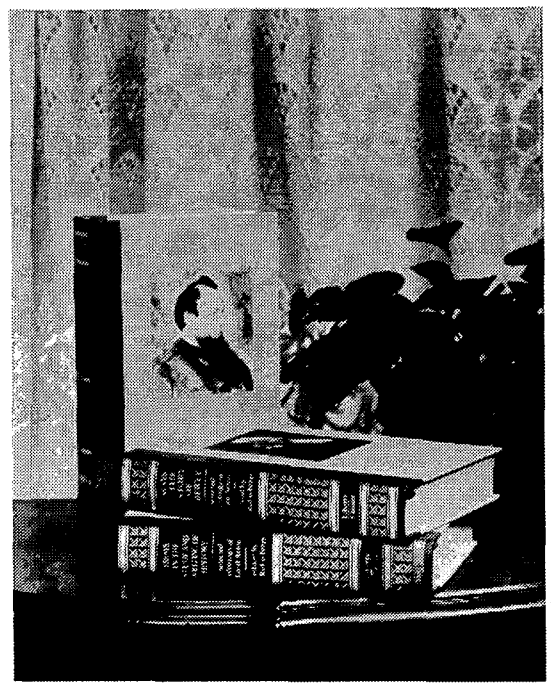

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Bourke lived in dread of failure. He was often ill, nervous, and exhausted; a colleague judged him to be "killing himself with too many hours a day at the Congressional Library," while in Washington, and one cannot avoid the impression of a death hastened by overwork. He became rather a heretic even among humanitarians, finally opposing the Indians' forced, rapid assimilation and actually suggesting that some Indian customs should be preserved. Embittered at remaining a captain and an assignment to border duty in Texas (where he fought bandits and studied Mexican folklore), he scornfully refused the "brevet" majority awarded him for Indian campaigning, bitterly scrawling "Nothing worth mentioning" rather than indicate his scholarship and writings on an efficiency report. On his last birthday in 1896 he described himself as "the author of a few writings, which, altho' true and exact, will not long survive me." Bourke died at the age of forty-nine, still a captain after thirty-four years of service.

This first full-length biography emphasizes Bourke the anthropologist while covering other matters more concisely. If Porter does not quite succeed in conveying the peculiar cruelty of the Apache wars (J. P. Dunn noted in 1886 that some whites "willing to extend sympathy and assistance" to *other* Indians also advocated the Apaches' extermination), he better captures the pageantry and misery of Plains warfare, fusing his own vivid descriptions of the campaigns with Bourke's unique observations. His dissections of Bourke's writings are quite valuable. Analyzing *On the Border with Crook*, with its denunciations of America's Indian policy, he points out that its enlightened sentiments were not always those Bourke had entertained during the period described; in 1875, for example, he had thought it quite the thing to dismiss Sioux claims to the Black Hills of the Dakotas. Oddly, Porter terms Indian fighter Bourke, introduced to Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West audience, an "anachronism in uniform" by 1895; yet these Indian Wars became an oddly dreamlike memory almost instantly, Cody re-staging his killing of "Yellow Hand" almost before the scalp was cold.

Paper Medicine Man is designed not to replace Bourke's still-popular Indian Wars books, but to complement them. If they offered us Bourke the broad-minded soldier, Porter reveals the self-doubting, systematic scholar of "the closing hours of the Stone Age"—a bold, sometimes mournful witness standing at the point of struggle between retreating barbarism and ruthlessly advancing civilization. □

THE DOLES: UNLIMITED PARTNERS

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Richard Brookhiser

Robert Dole's campaign autobiography comes with two co-authors. The professional is Richard Norton Smith, a conscientious young historian whose previous books include biographies of Thomas Dewey and Herbert Hoover. With *The Doles: Unlimited Partners*, Mr. Smith stakes out an unshakeable claim (unless someone moves quick and snatches William Scranton) to become the Homer of Republican losers.

Dole's other co-author is Mrs. Dole. The Doles write alternating chapters, or sections of chapters, a format pioneered by Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter. That's not the only reason to dislike it. Does anyone else feel that there is something un-civic in our fascination with candidates' families? That the prominence we give wives, children, and now mistresses, is more appropriate to *I Claudius* than to the annals of a republic? But so it is. The Doles deserve credit for being blunt about it.

Campaign biographies should not be confused with Boswell. They tend to be dully written (the candidates' participation accounts for that). It goes without saying they cannot be intimate. What we get from them are revelations made along the way, and a tone of voice, like the pitch of a tuning fork.

Elizabeth Dole's tone drove me nuts for a hundred pages, until finally I gave in. It is the tone of the gusher, Southern belle division. Elizabeth Hanford was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, to a prosperous florist.

> A lovely old magnolia tree shade[d] a yard spacious enough to have served as a pet cemetery for numerous small creatures, none of whom went to their Maker without such funeral rites as a small child could devise.

She went to college at Duke.

> One evening E.E. Cummings [sic] read his modernistic verses before an only slightly puzzled East Campus audience. More traditional rites led up to the selection of a May Queen.

She graduated, and traveled: through various graduate schools, and through Europe.

> I suddenly got a hankering to visit the Soviet Union. Maybe it was all those news stories about Sputnik and spy planes that sparked my curiosity.

Finally, she found her way to Washington, where she settled into "consumer affairs."

> I even experienced a bit of consumer woe myself when furnishing my apartment. General Sherman reached the sea faster than two rolls of carpet ordered from an Atlanta store reached my front door. When finally laid down, the carpeting was too small for my carefully measured rooms. . . . My experience might easily be dismissed as a comedy of errors, but unfortunately it was being repeated in thousands of other American homes.

She married Dole in 1975, and took to the hustings next year when he was tapped to be Gerald Ford's running mate.

> A national political campaign, with all its potential for growth as I discussed issues across the country with the press and the public, would be an unparalleled learning opportunity.

Where did I throw in the towel? There? Earlier? Later? Probably it was at that point where I realized it was not Elizabeth Dole's frivolity that I objected to, but her seriousness: that bright, garrulous, undirected women are fine by me, so long as they stay away from public (and my) life.

Her husband's tone is equally distinctive, and totally different. He is overcast to her sunshine. He speaks here as he speaks on the stump, in the brusque cadences of a man impatient with crap.

"Journalists," he notes, "always ask candidates for office to outline a vision of the future." Dole instead poses another question. "Before you can know where someone wants to go, you ought to find out where he's coming from." This is partly an act, oratory left over from Iowa where Dole campaigned as a neighbor who was "one of us." But since no act can be carried off unless it is substantially true, Dole's formulation is also sincere. The most significant factor in Dole's campaign and his life is the pull of his past.

He was born in Russell (originally Fossil Station), Kansas, in 1923. The year was otherwise marked by an outbreak of pink eye, a Klan rally that flopped, and an oil strike. Some locals, Dole writes, feared oil money would make Russell "a regular little Chicago." They needn't have worried. Bob's pastimes growing up included the Owl Show at the Dream Theater; listening to "The Shadow" on the Philco; school sports.

Dole's parents owned a three-room house. His mother taught sewing classes and sold sewing machines. His father ran the Fairmont Creamery Company (a dairy and egg store *cum* cafe). Political writers, and Dole himself, trace his sardonic and detached temperament to his war experiences. I find more than a trace of it in this curious description of Dole's father. "He couldn't even take a family argument too seriously. When tempers flared up, as they do sooner or later in most households, he would slip out the front door, a half-smile on his face. An hour later he'd be back, having put the time to good use by raking the lawn." Dole's

Richard Brookhiser is covering the 1988 campaign for National Review.

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mother seems to have been the supportive one, but even her support was stern. After his acceptance speech at the 1976 Kansas City convention, she told him, "You usually do better."

Dole went to the University of Kansas, hoping to become a doctor. World War II cut college short, and gave him an intimate acquaintance with medicine. Dole enlisted in 1942, passed through officer candidate's school at Fort Benning, and went to Italy to join the 10th Mountain Division in December 1944. The 10th was grinding its way through the Apennine Mountains north of Florence to Bologna. "I'm often asked," Dole writes, "to describe what happened to me on April 14, 1945. To be honest, I've always thought that telling old war stories is like showing slides of the family vacation. You had to be there." What happened there was that, in trying to take out a German machine gun in a farmhouse, Dole was raked in the upper right back by shell fragments. "Unable to see or move my arms, I thought they were missing." After nine hours, he got to a field hospital. In two months, he was in a hospital in Topeka.

The wound was one sharp blow; recovery was a series of them, three years long. He still has trouble looking in mirrors, from his first post-injury glimpse of himself at 70 pounds underweight. "My only phobia from the years when I lay flat on my back is a fear of fire. When staying in hotels, I prefer the ground floor." Russell started a Bob Dole fund that collected $1,800 to send him to Chicago for operations. In 1947, he married an occupational therapist at the hospital he was in. (They divorced in 1972, casualties, he explains, of the stresses imposed by politics.)

Politics was what he turned to in place of the blasted career in medicine. Dole tells some good stories about the last thirty-eight years of his life. "Hell, I knew he was a fiscal conservative," an early supporter remarked. "The tires on his car were threadbare." There is also a description of an early Dole rally which makes me proud to be an American, and a democrat.

Out of nowhere appeared twenty pretty girls dressed in identical red felt skirts and matching handbags. They were accompanied by a quartet of "Bobolinks," led by a ukelele-playing songstress . . . a football player riding a tricycle, a middle-aged farmer wearing an elephant's head, and a group of pallbearers transporting a mock coffin containing the Frankenstein monster, who held a placard reading: "You have nothing to fear with Dole."

But the best writing, and the deepest feeling, is expended on the parenthesis, Kansas-Italy-Kansas. Dole's liberal admirers put his hard boyhood and his wartime trauma to political use. These, they say, made him a man of more-than-Republican sympathies. Dole inserts many a passage ("poor people don't have lobbyists") to encourage this view. I wonder. Except towards his fellow handicapped and his townsmen, whose steadfastness genuinely moved him—he wept when he campaigned in Russell in 1976—Dole seems to me to have taken suspicion rather than sympathy as his lesson from life. Things are tough, and so is he. It is impossible to imagine Dole burbling, as Jack Kemp does, about the economy as a good shepherd, which will leave not one behind. Like George Bush, Dole thinks along the lines of duty. Duty took both men into the jaws of death. Dole did not emerge unscathed.

Suspicion, then, and maybe, after all these years, an urge to be liked. Certainly Dole's behavior *in 1982* when, to universal applause, he pushed through his catch-all tax hike, was that of a man enjoying himself hugely. It is to his credit, I suppose, that he held off the bows until an issue came along on which the gallery, for fortuitous historical reasons, seemed to share his saturnine vision. □

Here Come The New Catholics

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church – including people like Malcolm Muggeridge, Lewis Lehrman, and singer John Michael Talbot. What's more, contrary to the myth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the befuddled, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Walker Percy – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the watered-down Catholicism of the Hans Küngs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages – by the Magisterium, as well as the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. There is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America today which is witnessing numerous people discover the "high," liturgical churches in general and the Roman Catholic Church in particular.

Among the converts to the "Roman Obedience" who write for the REVIEW are Paul C. Vitz, George William Rutler, Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Thomas Howard, L. Brent Bozell, James J. Thompson Jr., and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit, affirming all that is good and true in other Christian traditions. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christian.

According to Boston's Cardinal Law, "What is fascinating about the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is that it is a sign of contradiction": At a time when, cheered on by the mass media, so many Catholics are grumbling about Catholic teaching and discipline, even leaving the Church, here is a counter-tendency celebrating the fullness of the Truth (without falling victim to the fanaticism that has characterized some converts in the past). At a time when Protestant fundamentalism is making inroads among Catholics, here is a counter-movement proclaiming that you don't have to leave the Church to find a meaningful relationship with Jesus Christ.

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THE KNAVE OF BOSTON & OTHER AMBIGUOUS MASSACHUSETTS CHARACTERS

Francis Russell/Quinlan Press/$17.95

Peter Skerry

Some kind of dialectical irony must be seen in the career of presidential candidate Michael Dukakis—or as my father, an unreconstructed practitioner of Boston's dying art of ethnic calculus, insists on calling him, Mike the Greek. For the technocratically cool, squeaky clean Massachusetts governor has emerged from the bowels of a political system so inept and corrupt that its warring chieftains were never able to get beyond their petty feuds and build smooth-running machines such as emerged in Chicago and New York. Similarly striking is the image of Congressman Barney Frank recently declaring his homosexuality from the safety of Boston's cosmopolitan suburbs, and thereby confirming the suspicions of Irish Catholics who give new meaning to the word "parochial."

Such dichotomies have long been evident in Boston, whose lively politics has for generations been fueled by intense ethnic and class tensions. But in recent years liberal Democrats—the spiritual descendants of the abolitionists, transcendentalist utopians, and good government reformers ("the goo-goos," as the ward bosses called them)—have achieved something close to total dominance.

Working and lower middle-class Catholics, the former backbone of the Massachusetts Democracy, are not only not voting for the party, they are, according to MIT political scientist Walter Dean Burnham, scarcely voting at all. Meanwhile, the Republicans, in recent decades the minority party to which Democrats turned for civic-minded leadership not forthcoming from their own kind, have been unable to take advantage of the situation. Indeed, no Republicans have been elected to statewide office in Massachusetts since the early 1970s. And in the last gubernatorial election, the Republican candidate was caught in his office with his pants down—literally.

Yet a few years ago Massachusetts was not quite so securely in liberal hands. In the mid-1970s, busing was implemented in the face of expert and common-sense advice to the contrary, and resulted in something just short of a race war that continued long after the skirmishes ceased appearing on the evening news. Time has healed some of these wounds. So have white flight and the abandonment of the public schools to blacks and Hispanics. And so have the efforts of journalist J. Anthony Lukas, whose widely acclaimed book, *Common Ground*, has given liberals not only the last word in print, but also the illusion of having grappled with all sides of the issue. As if to drive home the message that the city is once again safe for liberals, Boston is currently the setting of three network television series, all appealing to those young, upscale viewers who wish to think of the city not as the home of angry racists, but as the East Coast bastion of yuppiedom.

When I return to my native city these days, Boston does seem more and more like an urban theme park with a free-admission policy for anyone under twenty-five. Its charm and curiosities have been fossilized for generations to come, or at least until the next developer comes along with a scheme for still more high-tech offices and the ubiquitous shops and restaurants. Across the river in Cambridge, Harvard Square has undeniably become a great place to buy over-priced "contemporary" furniture and gourmet ice cream. (I say this self-critically as a former roommate who taste-tested the concoctions of Steve Herrell, founder of the world famous Steve's Ice Cream.) To be sure, the bookstores are a marvel, as much for their well-stocked shelves as for the distemper of their young employees, who in this era of New Thinking have yet to get the hang of the tactical uses of smiling. And when weather permits (ah, yes, Boston weather!), one can always stroll down to the banks of the Charles and watch the leaders of tomorrow zip by on roller skates.

If these facets of contemporary Boston interest you, then *The Knave of Boston: And Other Ambiguous Massachusetts Characters* is not for you. For this is a rogue's gallery of figures from Boston's past brought together by Francis Russell, a journalist-historian and Boston native perhaps best known for his books on the Boston police strike of 1919 and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Russell does have a mildly devastating piece on Teddy Kennedy and Chappaquiddick ("Indian Summer in Hyannis Port") written some fifteen years after the event, but even here the most striking image offered is that of the urbane young Jack Kennedy starting his political career with a 1946 congressional race, muscling aside resentful "old-line pols who had come up the ladder rung by rung, often by knocking the feet from under the man just above them."

More typical is the chapter on JFK's maternal grandfather, Mayor "Honey Fitz." Russell begins, "John Francis Fitzgerald was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he was born with a spoon . . . " With deadpan accuracy he goes on to chronicle Fitzgerald's rise to power and premature retirement from public office amid scandals about corruption and his relationship with one Toodles Ryan. He concludes with the scene of Honey Fitz in his eighties, celebrating his grandson's election to Congress with a jig performed on a hotel table and a rendition of "Sweet Adeline."

A much more interesting figure treated by Russell is James Michael Curley, who was certainly not born with a spoon in his mouth. Curley served as congressman, mayor, and then as governor, punctuating his arrival on Beacon Hill with a swing at his predecessor just before taking the oath of office. During the Depression Curley extended the regime of patronage and corruption to the State House, where the Brahmins had heretofore been able to hold the line. Quite unlike Fitzgerald, his life-long foe, Curley was a bitter demagogue. He hated the Brahmins, and his policies and demeanor helped alienate the banking and financial establishment from municipal affairs for a generation. Yet Curley was a lone wolf, who distrusted the Irish ward bosses as much as the Brahmins. He was the only Massachusetts politician to endorse FDR before the 1932 convention. Curley was in his seventies before his many misdeeds caught up with him. In 1947, in the midst of his fourth term as mayor, he was convicted of mail fraud and served five months at the Federal Correctional Institute in Danbury until he was pardoned by President Truman. Congressman John Fitzgerald Kennedy was the only member of the Massachusetts delegation who did not sign the petition for Curley's release.

Such legends abound in Massachusetts politics. What Russell brings to them is an unusual mix of clear-sightedness *and* sympathy for all the participants in the fray. With the same balance he brings to his portraits of Honey Fitz, the Kennedys, and Curley, Russell recounts the career of one Andrew James Peters, a lesser member of Boston's social elite who was maneuvered into the mayor's seat by ward bosses out to defeat Curley—and who also happened to have "an uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable passion for pubescent girls." One should undoubtedly expect such even-handedness from a man who has written for both *National Review* and the *New York Review*. In any event, I suspect Russell's German ancestry (he dropped his original surname, Hamburger, during the 1930s) has much to do with his even-handed perspective on the battles between Boston's Brahmins and Irish.

Nevertheless, this volume is not without its flaws. In a chapter entitled "Calvin Coolidge's Vermont," Russell reveals a cranky nostalgia that lurks beneath the surface of these essays. Even more disappointing is the author's failure to address larger questions about Boston: Why did it never produce a Daley-type machine? How does one explain the vehemence of the opposition to busing? Why has the city been such a net exporter of political talent—of all stripes—to the nation? Why does such a literate and cosmopolitan populace tolerate a miserable newspaper like the *Boston Globe*? This book is full of insights indicating Russell is the man to tackle such questions, but as they stand, these essays don't quite transcend the confines of local history.

Still, Boston's is no ordinary local history. And at a time when we are treated to the muddled revisionism of J. Anthony Lukas and Doris Kearns Goodwin's shamelessly unofficially official house biography *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys*, Francis Russell's *The Knave of Boston* is a fresh breeze off the Atlantic. □

Peter Skerry is a research fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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20 YEARS OF ROLLING STONE: WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN

Edited by Jann S. Wenner/Friendly Press/$24.95

Richard Marin

Even in the noisily immodest magazine trade, *Rolling Stone* has always stood out as a beacon of narcissism. To commemorate its founding, editor and publisher Jann S. Wenner likes to plaster huge Roman numerals on the magazine cover, in the manner of the defunct rock group Chicago. First came *Rolling Stonus X* in 1977, then last year *XX*—both issues fat with self-reflection and self-congratulation. This last jubilee was marked by a tedious television special *and* a lavish coffee table book, *20 Years of Rolling Stone: What a Long Strange Trip It's Been.* The TV show, a shallow videoclip retrospective, was merely an attempt by the magazine to snatch some credit for the two decades of music history that happened to coincide with its publication. The book attempts something quite different: a compendium of journalism, surveying the *Rolling Stone* canon from Steppenwolf to Tom Wolfe; beyond mere musical, pop-cultural commentary to the "heavier" realm of social criticism. It's on this front that the magazine takes itself most seriously and where it most transparently reveals its rather fascinating devolution, from obscure object of worship to mass-market subject of ridicule.

Like the generation it set out to tap, Wenner's organ has gone from yippie to yuppie without missing a backbeat. In the process, *Rolling Stone* has, to coin the phrase, "gathered moss," mostly in the form of sycophantic celebrity interviews, odious "lifestyle" reportage, and miles of glistening technicolor advertising, which in the phone-book sized twentieth-anniversary issue sold for $35,745 a page.

It's an ancient complaint that *Rolling Stone* has become a complacent old fart of a rag. The statistics speak volumes: The inaugural issue, published November 9, 1967, sold 4,000 copies. Now circulation is 1.1 million; estimated readership is seven times that number. But like the *Village Voice*, nobody really reads it anymore, least of all aging radicals or baby boomers. The magazine's average consumers are 25, male and earn $30,000 a year, i.e., beer-breathing fraternity dudes who started reading the *Stone* in college and just haven't gotten around to cancelling their subscriptions yet. From high atop his palatial Manhattan offices (three floors on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Plaza Hotel), Citizen Wenner—as Jann (pronounced yawn) is sometimes called—presides over 125 full-time employees and a publishing venture that, if put on the block, could reportedly command as much as $150 million. Numbers like that make it glaringly clear why a magazine that once offered a free roach clip to every new subscriber now has a drug testing policy for its staffers. Let there be no doubt: the business of *Rolling Stone* is business.

Not that there's anything evil in turning a profit. The 42-year-old Wenner, a famous egotist and son of a baby-food magnate, has always been quite public about his greed. A former staff writer called him "the ultimate hip capitalist." That he is, if you define "hip capitalist" as someone who dispenses liberal politics from the back of a limousine, with one hand throttling a magnum of Mumm's, the other balancing a cigar-sized line of cocaine. (At least this was the image fostered by Wenner's portrayal of himself in the movie *Perfect*.) No, what's so grating and false about him (and most of his writers) is his absurd claim that his magazine is "the repository, the written record of our time." It's this caliber of gibberish he insists on spouting in the introduction to *20 Years of Rolling Stone*: flatulent assertions about "the press at large," "digging for the truth," and "above all, not shrinking from saying what we think and telling it like it is." That would explain the Diana Vreeland profile a few months ago. But when *Rolling Stone* pastes Eddie Murphy's face on the cover and drools over him for ten or twenty pages inside, the embarrassing thing is that they're invariably the *last* members of the press at large to do it.

To be fair, *Rolling Stone* has published some of the best contemporary journalists and many of their better pieces are reproduced in the twentieth-anniversary book (though often crudely truncated by Wenner's editorial hacksaw). The magazine came along just as the New Journalism was metamorphosing into the newer breed called Gonzo. Capitalizing on the drift, it offered a forum where writers could hold forth on sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll without fear of a blue pencil. Hunter S. Thompson was the prime mover, the Olympian presence, behind this movement, and he still casts a long shadow over the often-unreadable prose of his would-be successors. His brilliant drug-frenzied farce, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, first saw light in *Rolling Stone*. Wenner also had the wit and foresight to assign "Doctor" Thompson to the National Affairs desk, from where he reported on political events, eventually producing *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*. Two Thompson classics appear in this book: an early account of his involvement in "freak power" politics in Aspen, and a 1983 report on the amazingly lurid Pulitzer divorce trial in Palm Beach where "price tags mean nothing and the rich are always in heat, where pampered animals are openly worshiped in church and naked millionaires gnaw brassieres off the chests of their own daughters in public."

Writers like Timothy Crouse and Charles M. Young have also set themselves apart from the stable of star-struck paparazzi and pompous rock critics (former head shop-owner Greil Marcus heads that list) that Wenner has cultivated over the years. But the only other writer of Olympian stature the magazine can lay claim to is Tom Wolfe. Wolfe reportedly got a cool $100,000 for a four-part series titled: "Post-Orbital Remorse: The Brotherhood of the Right Stuff," the story that became the book that catapulted him to superstardom. Instead of one of those "Right Stuff" segments, this collection opts for a chapter from *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, the novel Wolfe serialized in the magazine then drastically rewrote for publication in book form. The very Wolfean "Funky Chic," a meandering follow-up to his famous "Radical Chic" essay, is also included, though memorable only for a long digression on the importance of fashion to history and literature.

Much of this collection, like the magazine, consists of interviews. *Rolling Stone* has always prided itself on its *tête-à-têtes* with the gurus of pop. "The Rolling Stone Interview" they have always been called, the ostentatious definite article suggesting that there never had been another published dialogue with said superstar and never would be. And yet extracting a complete sentence from the likes of Keith Moon, Sly Stone, Marlon Brando, or Bob Dylan inevitably proves nearly impossible. We do learn that Sting is conceited, Springsteen earnest, and Michael Jackson *very* strange. But then, we *knew* that already, didn't we? Even the thoughts extracted from the few semi-literate rock icons (Pete Townsend or John Lennon) boil down to something along the lines of: "Get off my back."

The most interesting interviews, not surprisingly, come not in the moronic one-on-ones but inside the better articles: a session with Charles Manson at the time of his trial; a rude encounter with the Sex Pistols at the dawn of punk. Just listen to the late Sid Vicious holding forth on his fellow Pistol Johnny Rotten:

> 'E was the vilest geezer I ever met—all misshapen, no 'air, 'unch-back, flat feet. Everybody 'ated 'im. Everybody 'ated me. We 'ated each other, too, but nobody else would talk to us, so we'd just get drunk and criticize each other. 'E used to tell people 'e 'ad to cut 'is piles off with a razor blade because they were 'anging out 'is pants, *and they'd believe 'im.* 'E used to tell them that niggers 'ad 'air on the roof of their mouths. *They believed that too.*

That sort of primitive British prole-speak has become *de rigeur* these days, but in 1977 (when Fleetwood Mac was still considered pretty "far out"), it was a bloody revelation. It was also probably the magazine's last brush with anything remotely unpredictable or *avant-garde*. As ridiculous as many of the early *Rolling Stone* pieces were, at least they were bulletins from the frontier of something new. "From Eternity to Here," Charles Perry's addled Haight-Ashbury piece reads like the reverie of a recovering psychedeliac, but at least it's in on "the scene." *Rolling Stone*'s connection with the current subculture is so remote that *Spin*, a rival rock 'zine, met instant success when it was founded three years ago by *Penthouse* heir Bob Guccione, Jr.

The sober, liberal pieties of William Greider and Frances FitzGerald have replaced the old Gonzo politics of Hunter Thompson at the National Affairs desk. And except for mischievous flashes from its "irrational affairs" correspondent, P. J. O'Rourke, *Rolling Stone* has become a *Life* magazine for the MTV set. Annie Liebovitz and Richard Avedon shoot the pretty pictures: the rest is filler, a bland affirmation of conventional wisdom. When O'Rourke—a *humorist*—wrote in a February report from Seoul that Koreans "do all look alike," he raised a considerable amount of ethnic ire here. Citizen Wenner immediately prostrated himself in apology to offended Asian-Americans. After all, they buy magazines too. □

Richard Marin is television critic for the Washington Times.

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REBECCA WEST: A LIFE

Victoria Glendinning/Alfred A. Knopf/$19.95

Donna Rifkind

Rebecca West moved through life with a singular and almost religious urgency. Her need for knowledge was limitless, her love for dramatic displays of knowledge abundant. Although she may be accused of occasional untruthfulness and of frequent excess in both her work and her life, she probably never wrote a dull word or expressed an uninteresting idea. Even at the end, when West was ninety, a housekeeper described her life as "black and white and crimson and purple and wild." Her personality elicited strong feelings in others: she had hundreds of fiercely loyal friends and not a few enemies. Admirers of her writing speak of her with near-cultic devotion, while her own son (who died last December) spent much of his own writing career vilifying her for real or imagined injuries. Soon after her marriage, when she was thirty-eight, her husband wrote to her: "I hope you will recall how when I was lonely your work recalled to me the ideals and enthusiasms of my youth and gave me strength not to compromise. In the same way, many whom you will never know are surrounding you with their blessings." It seems an injustice that the first of two biographies commissioned by this vivid individual before her death in 1982, *Rebecca West* by Victoria Glendinning, should be as flat and formal as a newscast.

Miss Glendinning has written three previous biographies, all respectable and well received, of Elizabeth Bowen, Edith Sitwell, and Vita Sackville-West. As she explains in her new book, she had been acquainted with Dame Rebecca in the 1970s, and the older woman left instructions that a short life be written by Miss Glendinning while a longer one (not yet completed) is to be published by the American writer Stanley Olson. *Rebecca West* bears signs of having been hastily written—and written more out of a sense of duty than from a patient willingness to evince the spirit of the woman's life and work.

Donna Rifkind is the assistant managing editor of the New Criterion.

How best to characterize that life and work? In her introduction, Miss Glendinning asserts that her subject's story "is the story of twentieth-century women," but this is not at all true, because Rebecca West was an individualist to such a degree that she often defined her milieu most clearly when she stood in opposition to it; as a feminist, a socialist, and later as an anti-Communist, she maintained a truly independent point of view, never needing to seek refuge in a particular faction in the course of fleeing another. She was a prodigious rather than an emblematic figure: an individual who seemed larger than life not because she was a representative woman but because she had more than the usual amount of resources, and more courage, to respond to the requirements which her world presented to her.

The same is true of her position as a writer. She was not a representative journalist, or novelist, or critic, or travel writer, although she worked in all those genres. Hers was a synthesizing rather than a specializing mind. She worked as if there existed a grand, glittering emporium called Knowledge where she was a preferred customer, and something in her personality drove her to collect knowledge of as many diverse subjects as she had time to pursue. She wrote more, one suspects, out of a need to satisfy that driving restlessness to *know* than out of a wish to address a particular audience or to master a specific genre, and as a result it would be difficult to gauge exactly what kind of people her large audience was composed of. The body of work she left is more or less inimitable, but to explain the nature of her intellect one might perhaps most profitably compare her with an American contemporary of hers, the journalist-turned-man-of-letters Edmund Wilson, himself a writer whose synthesizing mind looms much larger in his public's imagination than do any of his particular books. In the case of both Wilson and Rebecca West we sense at the source of their achievements a desire above all to gather up information which they could shape into artful prose, in an effort to make the most possible sense of their world.

It is of course hard to determine exactly where a writer's talent comes from, but in Rebecca West's case it is easy to identify the sources of her extraordinary drive. She was born Cicily Isabel Fairfield in 1892 in London, the youngest of three girls. Her mother was Scottish and had been a pianist; her father, Charles, an Anglo-Irishman and former soldier, called himself a journalist but seemed to spend a lot of time gambling and pursuing women. In 1901 he left his wife and daughters to start a pharmaceuticals factory in Sierra Leone. The venture failed, but he never returned. Shortly after Mrs. Fairfield took her girls to Edinburgh, her birthplace, which was cheaper to live in than London, Charles died in Liverpool in a boardinghouse, leaving his family nothing.

This sequence of events filled fourteen-year-old Cicily with enough disappointment to conquer and subdue a less resilient person, but she came out of it fighting. The early betrayal burned a hole in the girl that she spent her life trying to mend: it made all future rejections seem a replay of the original pain, and it moved her to nurture a hatred of deception and a dedication to absolute standards, both of which became prominent themes in her writing. She very early developed the attitude of the outsider and the underdog, insisting on maintaining both independence of mind and the self-pitying, superior air of always having just emerged from a slog through the mud. Along with her sisters she joined the suffragist cause. At age fourteen her first published work appeared, in *The Scotsman*, in the form of a letter entitled "Women's Electoral Claims." In 1910 she moved to London to become an actress, but was quickly lured like her father into journalism, writing for the feminist *Freewoman* and, later, the socialist *Clarion*. The following year she began using the pseudonym Rebecca West, after a character in Ibsen's play *Rosmersholm*, chiefly, as Miss Glendinning suggests, to quiet the fears of her disapproving mother. Her new name and plucky journalism were quick successes, and she was bold and pretty enough to make herself a celebrity in literary London.

Shortly thereafter the famous ten-year confrontation with H. G. Wells began. After she reviewed his novel *Marriage* in *The Freewoman* in September 1911, the forty-six-year-old married writer invited nineteen-year-old Rebecca to lunch. In a dazzlingly short span of time, the young freedom fighter found herself pregnant, friendless, and locked away with a household of reproachful servants in a remote part of Norfolk called Hunstanton, where her son Anthony was born in 1914. So much for women's liberation.

What followed in the lives of these three people is very well known: Rebecca tried to get Wells to marry her, but he had not the slightest intention of leaving his efficient wife and comfortable estate; Anthony, for his part, never stopped complaining about his general unhappiness with the entire situation, for which he placed all the blame on Rebecca. Even after his mother's death he was not done with

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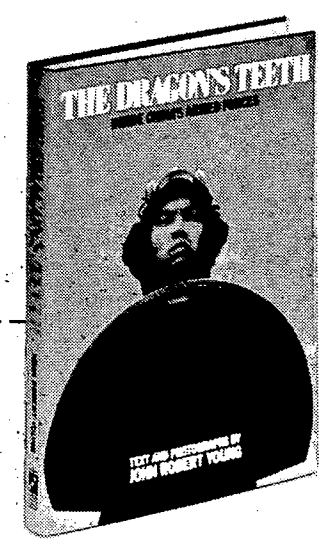

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hating her. When he published *H. G. Wells: Aspects of a Life* in 1984, the book was more a demonstration of his anger toward Rebecca than the homage to Wells which the title promises. Rebecca herself alternated between animosity toward Anthony and love for him—and for Wells. Later in her life, as Miss Glendinning writes, she was furious with Anthony beyond normal proportions for divorcing his wife, probably because she was reminded of her own father's desertion; at that time she also described Wells with some scorn as "only a successful version of my father."

Miss Glendinning relates these circumstances in her usually dutiful manner, showing justification for all three points of view but in the end maintaining a loyalty to Rebecca that seems almost filial in its circumspection. As the author calmly offers the rest of the events in Rebecca West's life as if setting out a tray for tea, however, one begins to suspect that Miss Glendinning is more comfortable with the romantic aspects of her subject's life than with the intellectual and political material.

For example, we get plenty of information about Rebecca's unsatisfied infatuation with the newspaper tycoon Lord Beaverbrook, including some tabloid-style teasers like the following: "Rebecca, who had never been unfaithful to [Wells], was interested in another man—an interest that was to become an obsession." But we sense Miss Glendinning's relief when, in another section, she finishes a long passage about Rebecca's involvement in Yugoslavian affairs just prior to and during World War II—an involvement which led her to write her great book on the subject, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. Having given a rudimentary and rather awkward account of the political situation in the Balkans and of Rebecca West's view of it, the author retreats (gratefully, it seems) into a cozy discussion of her subject's country-house life and her pleasure in canning, gardening, and making butter.

Miss Glendinning also seems less than comfortable with the large fact of Rebecca West's anti-Communism, which she attempts at several points to attribute to mere paranoia or to other kinds of mental illness. But West herself would no doubt have protested that, far from being a quirk, her anti-Communism was absolutely consistent with the rest of her political beliefs; her hatred of totalitarianism was of primary significance among her democratic-socialist positions, and she detested any political doctrine which threatened the individual's freedom in the way she felt Communism did. Miss Glendinning's misrepresentation not only neglects the importance with which West regarded the malignity of Communism (she called it "Fascism with a glandular and geographic difference"), but it also weakens the biography's already brief discussions of West's works, especially *The New Meaning of Treason*—originally published in 1947 as *The Meaning of Treason* and updated in 1964—which seeks to examine the motivations of the Fascist and Communist traitors of World War II and after.

Another serious fault of the biography is its inattention to the books Rebecca West was writing throughout her long life. Titles and dates are duly provided, but Miss Glendinning devotes a minimum of space to discussing the works. She claims in her introduction that "there is room not only for a detailed biography in the future, but for studies of aspects of her life and work which this first biography has not been able to cover fully." While this seems a munificent invitation to future scholars, in fact the statement betrays a large error of judgment. For while it is not true for many writers, in the case of Rebecca West her life was mixed into her work—and her work into her life—to such a degree that to ig-

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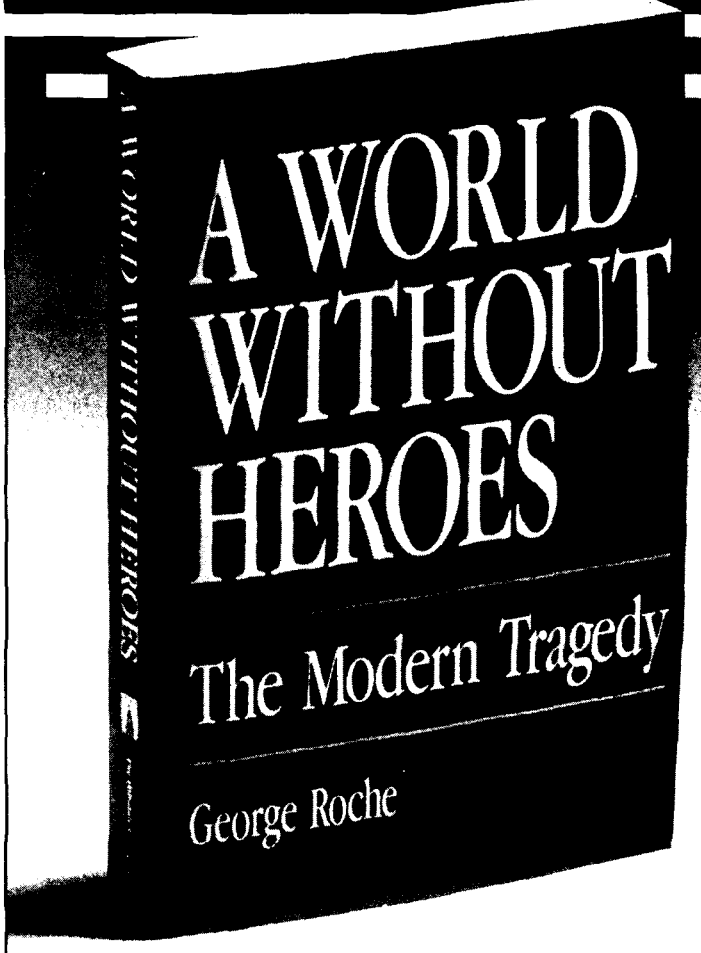

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nore the work in favor of the life is to miss a great deal. The most interesting thing about Rebecca West was not the course of her life, although that was interesting indeed. It was her intellect, that great synthesizing machine, a sparkling and marvelous engine whose contents she manufactured into books, that was and remains of the most vital importance. To ignore her works in any biography of her, long or short, is to ignore the essence of the woman.

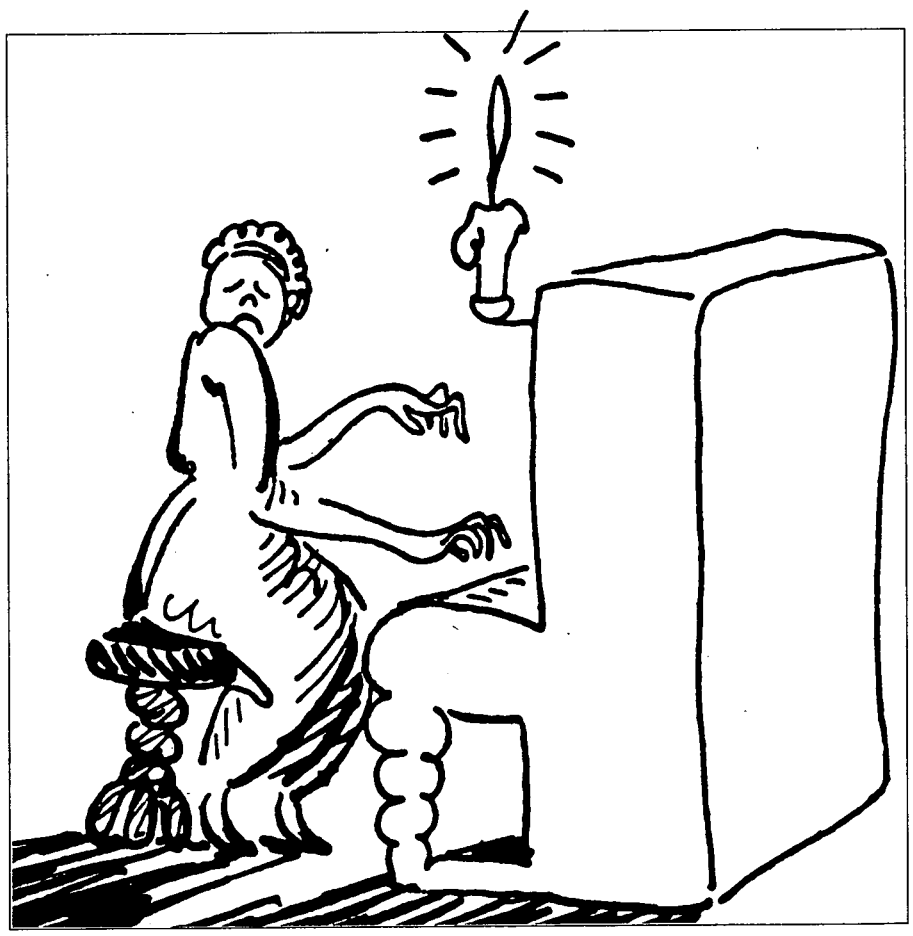
Rebecca West herself never made such an error. Her first book, in fact, was a critical study of Henry James, also a writer whose life and works are inextricable. Hers is a fine little coming-out book, full of peppery criticisms sprinkled over a base of solid admiration, incomplete but filled with promise. Capricious and brief as it is, it never underestimates the significance of the man's imagination or neglects to show how that imagination worked in his books.

In everything Rebecca West wrote she tried to do justice to her subjects, and they were the biggest subjects: betrayal, violence, man's relationship to God, the salvation promised by art. She could make old subjects look new, comparing Augustine in another brief biography to Tolstoy (whom she hated) and Proust (whom she loved); and could make new subjects look old, judging the traitors of World War II according to ancient notions of one's allegiance to one's country and to God. In a review of Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*, which Miss Glendinning does not mention at all but which is perhaps the most accurate analysis of Chambers written to date, West praised Chambers for writing "as writers by vocation try to write, and he makes the further discoveries about reality, pushing another half-inch below the surface, which writers hope to make when they write." Most of the time she herself was able to push that extra half-inch below the surface—but perhaps never so successfully, and certainly not for so many pages, as in *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (1941).

This two-volume work, a 500,000 word series of ruminations on European history disguised as a travel book about Yugoslavia, is one result of Rebecca West's ardent search to understand everything she considered important. She explains why she undertook the project in this passage from the prologue:

> I had to admit that I quite simply and flatly knew nothing at all about the south-eastern corner of Europe; and since there proceeds steadily from that place a stream of events which are a source of danger to me . . . that is to say I know nothing of my own destiny.

If the recognition of the importance of knowledge is one motivation for the book, however, West knew just as well that accumulated knowledge will not necessarily protect people against the whimsies of world events; she writes elsewhere in *Black Lamb* of "the appalling lack of accumulation observable in history, the perpetual cancellation of human achievement, which is the work of careless and violent nature." For her, art ("the strange necessity," as she titled one of her books) was the only intimation of hope, the only reason to want to continue to live in a violent, constantly betrayed, and betraying world. She wrote in *The Meaning of Treason* that "a work of art gives satisfaction to the artist and the spectator because it analyzes an experience and synthesizes its findings into a new form that makes people eager for fresh experience." Without the redemption of art, there seemed to her little possibility for faith.



There is some question as to whether Rebecca West's own fiction fulfills the essential function she claims art must perform. But while her novels are sometimes irredeemably sentimental, they should not be discounted as aberrations among her work as a whole, for they explore the universe of her feelings as her journalism surveys the boundaries of her intellect. Since they are closely autobiographical, the novels can be read as a series of emotional maps: *The Fountain Overflows* (1956), as its title suggests, is an outpouring about her early family life; *The Thinking Reed* (1936), with its title borrowed from Pascal, is a study of moral choices regarding marriage which echoes aspects of the first years of her own marriage to Henry Maxwell Andrews beginning in 1930.

It is her literary criticism which manages, much more than the novels do, to define her intensely personal claim for the importance of art. In a famous essay about Arnold Bennett (in *The Strange Necessity*), she begins by writing:

> All our youth they hung about the houses of our minds like Uncles, the Big Four: H.G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett. They had the generosity; the charm, and loquacity of visiting uncles. Uncle Wells arrived always a little out of breath, with his arms full of parcels, sometimes rather carelessly tied, but always bursting with all manner of attractive gifts. . . .

In the back country of Rebecca West's mind she must have recognized the grand disappointment presented to her by life which this essay does not name but which is nonetheless conspicuous —the regret that she never had uncles like these, never even had the attention of a devoted father, and that all her relationships were so incomplete that she had to rely on literature to deliver what people could not. She speaks here with the simplicity and urgency of a child for the strange necessity for art in our lives, for a solid dedication to it in a world made sickening by betrayals, large and small.

Rebecca West clearly had a need for religion, as she needed all sorts of absolute convictions, but in the many years of wrestling with religious dilemmas she found herself less and less able to maintain an allegiance to any established church. So she made a religion of the need for art, and for upholding certain standard concepts of Western thought as they applied to the modern world: justice, morality, loyalty. It is easy to see how her desire for a foundation of faith based on these concepts could lead her to write to impassioned excess about them; her tendency to write to excess resembles that of many who write about religion. Lionel Trilling's review of *The Meaning of Treason*, published in the *Nation* in 1948, is one of the best criticisms of that tendency:

> . . . Miss West's prose seems unconsciously to know what Miss West's conscious mind prefers not to recognize. The prose no doubt deserves all the praise it has received, for it is very brilliant. But for the intellectual occasion it is too brilliant. Its rhetoric has a hectic flush; its richness of metaphor and allusion and modification is too lavish. Where we might expect the calm acceptance of the idea of the nation, we find an almost incantatory glorification of it. . . . Miss West's prose, in short, is anxious prose.

We need not wonder that the prose of this documentarian of modern history is so anxious, writing as she does after one of the most anxious periods in twentieth-century history. Yet although she is excessive, and although a case can be made that the book never succeeds in reaching the core of its subject, *The Meaning of Treason* is nevertheless one of the richest works of journalism ever written. It is remarkable for much the same reason Trilling chose to criticize it: because of the author's intense personal response to her subject—her total immersion, intellectually and emotionally, in it.

If she does not wholly succeed in persuading her readers that art is our salvation, or that the maintenance of the idea of the nation is essential to society, Rebecca West does succeed in assuring us of her complete conviction as a writer. If nothing else, we believe in her need for belief. It was that conviction that allowed her constantly to push the necessary half-inch below the surface, a half-inch below anything Victoria Glendinning has managed to reach in this biography. Certainly it is unfair to expect that a biographer's talent and dedication match her subject's. But in this case Miss Glendinning's cool, dutiful tone and superficial presentation betray a lack of engagement that dampens the spirit of her subject. *Rebecca West: A Life* convinces us only that there is plenty of material for a future biographer to work with; we can only hope that Stanley Olson provides us with a less perfunctory, more penetrating book. □

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RED HORIZONS: CHRONICLES OF A COMMUNIST SPY CHIEF

Ion Mihai Pacepa/Regnery Gateway/$19.95

Michael Ledeen

I am not normally a fan of "defector books," but this is an extraordinary volume. For all those interested in the actual functioning of a Communist state, and in particular those who marvel at the ease with which the Soviet Union and its satellites have managed to convince the West that a new, independent, liberal society can emerge from behind the Iron Curtain, *Red Horizons* is required reading. For the bulk of this book is devoted to the systematic deception that Nicolae Ceausescu practiced on the Carter Administration. In many ways, the account of the Rumanian deception is strikingly similar to the themes of *glasnost* and *perestroika* now emanating from the Kremlin, and Ion Mihai Pacepa, the highest-ranking intelligence official ever to defect from the Soviet bloc, has found a dramatic way to tell this story: in the form of a diary, he takes us into the offices, corridors, and even the bedrooms of the Rumanian dictator and his family. Never before have we had such a detailed, first-hand account of a Communist dictatorship. And never, to my knowledge, has such a story been told so well.

Since confession is the order of the day, I should warn you that Pacepa is a friend of mine, and that we have worked together in the past. After seven years trying to meet him, I finally arranged an introduction in 1984. "Mike" was frustrated by his inability to bring to the active attention of the American government the details of the vast network of technological espionage that he had created for Ceausescu, and asked me if I was willing to work with him on an article on the subject. I agreed, and the result was a lengthy account that was published in *L'Express*, in Paris.

As luck would have it, the article came out just as the U.S. government was considering a Rumanian request for a Landsat system, and the debate in Washington revolved around a simple question: could we sell high technology to the Rumanians without it finding its way into Soviet hands? Many American officials (mostly in State and Commerce, but also in CIA) believed it was possible. Pacepa said flatly that *everything* that the Rumanians obtained from the West was passed to the Kremlin, and this article was used by the opponents of the Landsat deal to try to block the transaction. To the great credit of our government, Pacepa was called in, questioned at length, and in the end the experts reversed their position, concluding that we could not sell advanced technology to Rumania without the expectation that it would end up in Soviet hands. Such is the reputation of Pacepa, and it is important to keep it in mind as you read some of the amazing stories in *Red Horizons*.

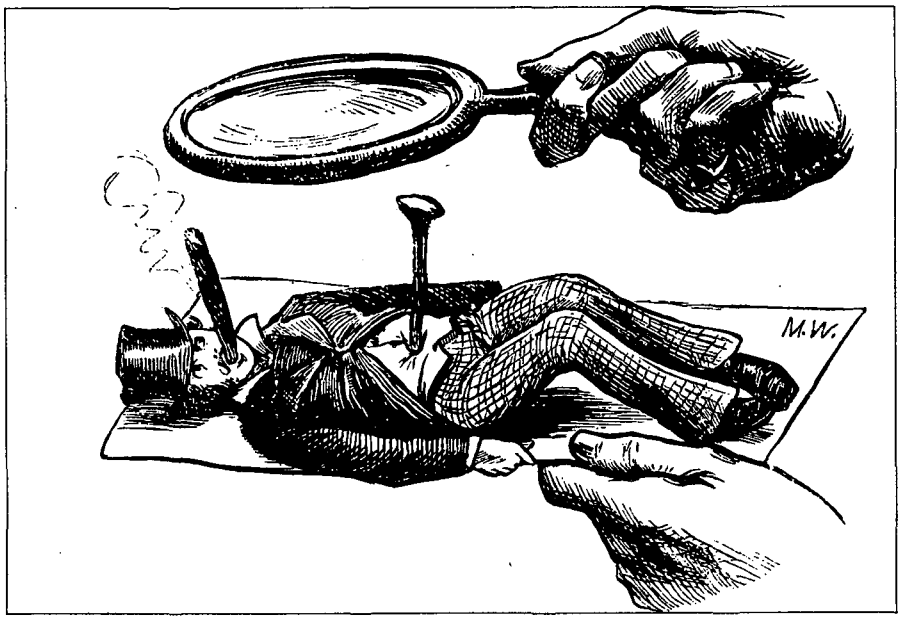
General Ion Mihai Pacepa was acting director of the Rumanian Intelligence Service at the time of his spectacular defection in 1978. His passage from East to West was a historic event, for so carefully had he prepared, and so thorough was his knowledge of the structure, the methods, the objectives, and the operations of Ceausescu's secret service, that within three years the entire organization had been eliminated. Not a single top official was left, not a single major operation was still running. Ceausescu had a nervous breakdown, and gave orders for Pacepa's assassination. At least two squads of murderers have come to the United States to try to find him, and just recently one of Pacepa's former agents—a man who had performed minor miracles in stealing Western technology in Europe at Rumanian behest—spent several months on the East Coast, trying to track down the general.

Happily, they have not found him, but it is easy to imagine that the appearance of this book will stimulate Ceausescu—even in the increasingly delicate state in which he finds himself, and even with the mounting challenge to his murderous regime that is growing in the streets of the country—to redouble his efforts to eliminate Pacepa. For the picture of the ruling family that we find in *Red Horizons* is one of greed and opulent decadence that contrasts starkly with the medieval misery to which Ceausescu has reduced his country.

The centerpiece of the book is Pacepa's description of "Horizon," the deception operation that Ceausescu mounted against the West. Here is the basic account:

> Its purpose was to give the West the illusion that his Rumania was a new kind of Communist country, independent of everyone else, including Moscow, which deserved to be supported by the West, so as to create cracks in the walls around the Soviet bloc. Ceausescu's "Horizon" had everything: overt and covert propaganda in the West; hints dropped into concealed microphones discovered in Rumanian embassies in the West and kept in place for sending misleading messages; documents "signed" by heads of foreign governments, counterfeited in Bucharest and "accidentally lost" in luxury hotels or leaked to the West in other ways; intelligence officers operating under the cover of the robes of ambassadors and archbishops; Swiss bank accounts rewarding high-ranking, corrupt Westerners who agreed to present Rumania as a "maverick"; intelligence officers disguised as lovers, recruiting Western officials as agents of influence . . .

The combination of technological espionage and systematic deception enabled Ceausescu—along with the Soviets and their satellites—to gull the Western world into financing the Communist bloc, and to steal the technology the West would not sell (or finance at bargain rates). It is one of the most successful covert operations in history, producing a gain of tens of billions of dollars for a system unable to generate either wealth or competitive technology on its own. Yet it remains one of the great secrets of the modern age, rarely analyzed and even more rarely understood.



It is a fabulous tale, containing some hitherto unknown stories about Ceausescu's involvement in the Middle East (teaching Arafat to mount his own influence operation against the West to convince us that the PLO was "moderate," and should be supported against "extremists" like Abu Nidal—all the while having Abu Nidal under strict control by Arafat's chief of intelligence), the uneasy relationship with the Kremlin (working jointly in some areas, but fearing Soviet efforts to penetrate the Rumanian regime), and the vast financial network that gave the Ceausescu family a great personal fortune, Rolls Royces and private yachts (wheedled from King Hussein), and one of the most dissolute children imaginable—Nicu, the heir to the dictatorship.

Finally, *Red Horizons* is vitally important for understanding what promises to become the hottest issue of 1988: strategic trade. Swept up in the enthusiasm of the "new era" in East-West relations, many of our leaders seem eager to offer new trade concessions to the Soviet bloc as a sign of our encouragement for their "new course." They should listen to a speech that Ceausescu gave to his top leaders behind closed doors:

> "In his unmatched genius, Lenin phrased the future of his proletarian revolution in a simple mathematical formula: 'Communism equals political power plus electrification.' Today, sixty years later, I would add a new building block to Marxism-Leninism: Modern Communism equals national Communism plus technological intelligence and money from capitalism. That, comrades, is the Rumanian contribution to Marxism!" Ceausescu ended. His face had turned bright red, and his forehead was dripping with perspiration. The participants had stood and were clapping with a rhythmic beat.

As usual, Ceausescu had it wrong: it wasn't his contribution at all, it was ours. And if we want to avoid saving Marxism in the next few years, we will have to learn the lessons that men like Pacepa have to teach us. Ronald Reagan is said to have read this book, and to have recommended it to all his friends. I hope it's true; if the President has absorbed the message of *Red Horizons*, we don't have to worry about the next summit. □

Michael Ledeen is The American Spectator*'s regular Presswatch columnist.*

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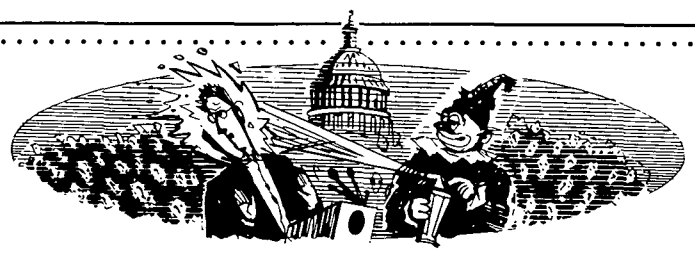
THE CAMPAIGN SPECTATOR



WINCING AT MESSAGES

by Andrew Ferguson

Manchester, New Hampshire

If you've read even one-fifth of the 5,473,296 words that have been written about the 1988 primary here, then you've come across the quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson: "The God who made New Hampshire taunts the lofty mountains with little men." To which I would add: "Yes, but only for a couple weeks every four years." New Hampshirites themselves seem like a nice bunch, but when the little men with the big campaigns show up the natives should have enough sense to stay home and watch it on TV.

But no. They force-feed instead on a diet of things like the "Rally Finale" (in New Hampshire the words rhyme). It was held (where else?) at a mall, in Manchester. There I saw democratic hell: roiling, orgiastic partisanship, heaving sweaty bodies wrapped in campaign ribbons, flushed damp faces shoved together shouting, cardboard signs cracked over heads and trampled underfoot, a sea of plastic boaters bobbing, overweight mothers in stretch pants using baby carriages as battering rams to get a better look at . . . Bruce Babbitt! Or was it Paul Simon? "Which is the one from Arizona?" asked a lady who was using my right shoulder as a balance beam. "My sister's in Arizona and she loves him." She was wearing a Dukakis button.

The candidates—I mean the five (of a possible eleven) who were desperate enough to show up—appeared one by one through an access hallway cleared by the Secret Service. The podium, set up at the confluence of Florsheim Shoes and Zale's Jewelers, had as a backdrop an air-brushed painting of a caboose platform, a reminder of campaigns as they were in the olden days and (went the proud implication) still are, here in New Hampshire. A quartet of musicians in Gay Nineties garb, the Dixieland Strollers, struck up "Hail to the Chief" as Babbitt, the first victim, made his way to the microphone. Before he could open his mouth a chant rose from the assembled democrats: "Babbitt sucks! Babbitt sucks!" Bruce stuttered and headbobbed his way through his set-piece, and then Pete du Pont stepped into the abattoir of universal suffrage. His supporters, many of whom had joined in jeering Babbitt, cheered wildly when Pete cleared his throat, but a Jackson fan suggested he go to hell. Then, as Paul Simon meandered through his plea for a "government that leads that cares that dreams," his dim, unmodulated voice (it sounds like a jew's-harp) was lost in a chorus of "Get to the point!"

When it was over and the candidates had hurried away, very few people made for the exits—the mall was like home—and I decided to linger too. I looked over my notes: Simon had showed up, and Babbitt, and Jackson, and Kemp, and du Pont. All losers. What would the mall people do if a winner had dared make a bid for their votes? I approached a woman by the Waldenbooks and asked her why she had come. "I'm still undecided," she said. "I just thought this might help me make up my mind." And? "And I'm still undecided! But I kind of like Gore. He looks so gorgeous on TV!"

This particular circle of hell has been called "retail politics" by the press, meaning that voters get to lay eyes on an actual candidate—or if they're really lucky, they can hold one of New Hampshire's celebrated coffee klatches, so the pol and a half-dozen camera crews can track slush across the living room carpet and prop their snow boots on the coffee table. Although the press devoted much energy certifying retail politics as an exclusive privilege of New Hampshirites and Iowans, in the final days of the campaign the privilege was revoked as quickly as it had been granted; several news shows ran features to declare retail politics a myth. Here as elsewhere, said Kathleen Sullivan, TV is the great mediator between candidate and voter.

This, as the lady at the mall instructed me, is surely true, but it's the kind of double-cross—the media convincing us, through constant repetition, of one thing, and then pulling the rug out—that was typical of the way the press covered this over-covered event. The most prominent example was the minute-by-minute handicapping of the candidates; before Iowa, for example, the Rev. Robertson was not expected to do well here, but after his trouncing of Bush there, he was expected to do better than expected here, and then as the polls piled up before primary day it was suddenly expected that he wouldn't do as well as expected when he was expected to do better than expected. If nothing else, it keeps you alert.

As it happened, of course, Pat didn't do as well as expected (correct me if I'm wrong). The pundits came up with all kinds of reasons why, chief among them the low percentage of evangelicals among New Hampshire voters. There is very little evidence to suggest that Pat will ever extend his support beyond this rarefied bloc, notwithstanding his efforts to play to the average Joe. On the day before the primary he engaged in what was arguably the most degrading photo opportunity of the campaign (the runner-up was Vice President Bush's turn at the wheel of a sixteen-wheeler, with his Secret Service agents perched watchfully on the running board). At Samson's Gym, in Manchester, the Rev donned rayon warm-ups and (probably weighted) gloves and boxed a couple rounds with a born-again Golden Gloves champ, whose astonishment at the man of God's aggressive left-hand was made horribly manifest in a series of muted, plaintive shrieks.

A more expensive, though less conventional, try for the mainstream was Pat's mailing of cassette tapes to every registered Republican in the state. "What I Will Do As President," it's called; the faint echo of Huey Long is probably unintentional. I made the mistake of listening to my copy on a Walkman; Pat's short-of-breath delivery—you can hear him smiling—is deeply unsettling at such close range. Much of what he says is standard-issue conservatism (supporting right-to-work laws), some is merely fanciful (making Ross Perot secretary of defense), and much of it carries unmistakable overtones of right-wing kookery (the Trilateral Commission is leading us to a one-world socialist state).

Ever since he blew up at Tom Brokaw for calling him a "television evangelist," there's been more attention paid to what Pat is than what his "stands on the issues" are. He himself prefers the title "religious broadcaster," and technically he's correct, since he was never a TV preacher in the strict sense. To counter what he perceives as an attempt to trivialize his qualifications, Robertson took every opportunity in New Hampshire to run through his résumé: "I founded the fourth largest cable company in the country, I'm president of a university, I've been in television for twenty-five years, I've been a film buyer, a programmer, a producer, a director"—hold it! I'll settle for the evangelist.

Republicans who would like to discredit him should face the fact that none of this—the résumé, the policy positions, the wild, unfounded stories he's fond of telling—none of it matters to those who have heard the Rev's call. After spending time with the Robertson crowd in New Hampshire, I'm convinced that the precinct workers would labor unperturbed even if the candidate announced that he enjoys wearing leatherette pasties during his off-hours. In this he has much in common with his ordained counterpart in the Democratic party. Robertson's political appeal, like Jackson's, is rooted in concerns that are properly extra-political, and so it requires little in the way of specific reinforcement: "We must restore our moral strength," grins Pat, and his followers flood with passion. You may wonder how a President will go about doing that—enforce the sodomy laws? abolish off-track betting? Pat isn't saying, and his devotees aren't

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listening anyway. The campaign is the message.

"Once we got our *message* across—how're we gonna get this *deficit* down, what're we gonna *do* about education—that's when we started to see some forward movement," said George Bush, the morning after he won the primary here. He and his chief rival, Bob Dole, were locked in a war of messages—George trying to get his message across, Bob trying to keep George from distorting his message—made all the more confusing by the fact that neither of them has one. Pete du Pont and Jack Kemp, the only two candidates who represented a body of ideas—who had, that is, a message—faded further into irrelevance with each tracking poll.

The emptiness of the two front-running campaigns was made obvious during the final debate before the primary. In Bush's case, it was a high-water mark of the Wince Factor: the Vice President's tendency to say things that cause his right-wing admirers, of whom there are many, to cringe and reach for the channel-changer. At one point in the debate, exasperated at Kemp's skepticism toward the Soviets' promised withdrawal from Afghanistan, he said, "Don't fight progress when you see it. Just give peace a chance." When Kemp's jaw dropped, Bush tried to qualify: "With your eyes wide open," he added. The qualification didn't help. Bush is a pol and pols deal in cant; for most of them it's the only negotiable currency. But what kind of cant? Flustered by his opponent's relentless hostility to the Soviets, he felt compelled for some reason to demur, and in defense he deployed the first cliché that occurred to him—not minding that it was childish, and the exclusive property of people who consider him the moral equivalent of Martin Bormann.

Bush's closing statement didn't help, either. For a moment it appeared to lead him up that same meandering California highway a confused President Reagan pioneered in the close of his first debate with Walter Mondale in 1984. Bush never quite got down to business, which arouses the suspicion that he hasn't got much business to transact. "I don't talk much, but I do believe," he said earnestly. "I may not articulate much, but I feel." This might be a sweet thing for a fellow to say after a partial lobotomy, but for a presidential candidate it's dismaying. Bush's conservative followers, I predict, are in for a campaign of many cringes.

In an attempt to carve out a message, George expended much campaign treasure contending that Dole has a secret desire to raise taxes. It was a rich spectacle: the man who thought Kemp-Roth was the work of witch doctors accusing the architect of America's largest-ever tax hike of an itch for "new revenues"! Bob, for his part, was appalled, and returned fire. "We gotta get the message out," he said. Given a free hand, of course, either one would haul in new revenues until your teeth hurt, and this easily deducible fact makes the squabble slightly unreal—and hugely entertaining, especially since it seems to irritate Bob so. "Stop lying about my record!" Dole said—the press's word was "snapped"—to Bush on primary night. At a polling place earlier in the day, a voter accused him, with some persistence, of being a taxer. "Get back in your cage," Bob said—snapped. Gotta get the message out.

In the interests of natural science, I studied the candidates' supporters as I traveled through New Hampshire, and found few surprises. The young Bushies, for example, were pretty much what you'd expect; the firm chins, square shoulders, splendid posture, and, in several cases, advanced cases of Long Island lockjaw—the kind of kids who look great in turtlenecks. Dole had his share of fresh-faced young people, but I found the real Dole organization-man outside a polling place in Manchester the morning of primary day. He was a twelve-year-old kid who told me his name was Richie: with a Dole button pinned prominently on his down vest, he circled the polling place ripping down every Bush sign he could get his hands on—our next Donald Segretti. When I caught up with him I pointed to the Dole button and asked, "What do you have against Vice President Bush?" "He's an asshole," Richie snapped, and took off like a flushed rabbit. Senator, give that kid a raise!

Republicans will have to corral a lot of Richies—voting age Richies—if Bob or George are to beat a Democrat this fall, particularly, I think, if it's a Democrat named Richard Gephardt. There's a reason for this: Gephardt, unlike Bush and Dole, has something to say. Sure, he looked ludicrous during Iowa, with the feed-grain cap yanked down over his blond head and his upper-half wrapped in a Michelin-man parka, but for the trip east the trappings of the hilljack were temporarily mothballed. Meantime, the case of the invisible eyebrows had been solved with a quick stroke of the brown wax-pencil. In New Hampshire, he stuck to a two-button suit of presidential blue.

I saw him speak in the town square of Portsmouth, on the Atlantic coast. Old brick storefronts, sandblasted to gentrified perfection, face the square, and the stores have names like "Macro Polo" and "G. Willikers!" and "The Bagelry." A Mozart quintet played over the p.a. The large noontime crowd had been prepped with little American flags, and as the music segued into Linda Ronstadt's version of "Livin' in the USA," signalling the candidate's arrival, they fluttered furiously.

I can't explain the Mozart, but the little flags and the Chuck Berry jingoism were right on the money, for Gephardt's message is nationalism in bone and sinew. He begins in the dolorous cadences of a man on the verge of giving up hope: "We are beginning—to sacrifice—this nation's—strength." (One enterprising reporter for the *Manchester Union Leader* studied this latest stump speech of Gephardt's and discovered that the words "strength" and "strong" appeared thirty-nine times.) It's a theme repeated in his television commercials: the weary voice, recorded with heavy echo as if reverberating down through the entire history of this great land, is ladled over vaguely melancholy music, and accompanies soft-focus images of wheat fields, wrinkled grandmothers, horny-handed workmen, gap-toothed children brimming with innocent (but fruitless?) hope.

Now *here's* a message: something's gone wrong, Gephardt said. It's not your fault, or mine. It's not the fault of the wizened grannies. And certainly not of the gap-toothed brats. The problem is *them*. Since Gephardt never quite spells it out, the identity of them must be a matter of deduction, but it seems to come down to the Japs ("Yes, we must compete, but fairly—by golly we have to make sure they treat us as well as we treat them!"), Capital ("Corporate America is up there in their offices worrying about how to make quick profits on America's decline instead of down there in the work place trying to make the best products we can"), and the editorial writers at the *Wall Street Journal* (I'm still working on that one). This gloomy assessment (*somebody*'s gotta say it) reaches its nadir with Gephardt—visibly angry now—challenging the apologists of the status quo to visit the Caterpillar tractor factory where he recently spoke with 1100 men—1100 brave men!—who had to go home one night and tell their wives and kids they lost their jobs.

But wait! At once the tone and rhythm of Gephardt's words change: the weariness, through sheer force of will, is shed: from the depths the cadence rises, slowly: We *can* make—America—great—and good—and strong again, you and he. "We have come to a crossroads. As one country, indivisible, we can make this nation what it can and must be. It's time to tell the forces of greed: enough is enough." Then: an inspirational story about a ninety-year-old schoolteacher who gets Meals on Wheels, a program "I had the privilege to vote for eleven times." Government is good! And then a boffo finish with his catch-all slogan: "It's your—fight—*too*!"

Stupid? Sure. Monumentally, staggeringly stupid. But is it any dumber than Dole's talk of "leadership" or Bush's bid to become the "education President"? No, it's smarter: there's a growing sense, in New Hampshire and elsewhere, that things have taken a turn for the worse, and that America is getting kicked around: by the Asians, by Wall Street's get-rich-quick guys, by uppity allies. Portsmouth is a Reagan-era boomtown, with lower unemployment than the state at large, which itself has the lowest unemployment of any state in the country; and lined along the yupscale shops on the town square, within earshot of the cranes swinging over construction sites on the edge of town, the Portsmouth crowd, when Gephardt was through with it, was ready to take up the cudgels against the intellectuals and the robber barons and the politicians and the bureaucrats who tell us we have to accept the *way things are*. Governor Wallace, your redemption is nigh. □

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Ancient Evidence for the Life of Jesus: Historical Records of His Death and Resurrection, by Dr. Gary Habermas (Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville, 1984). Lowell T. Wrucke, 10170 Pasture Gate Lane, Columbia, MD 21044.

A Diary of the French Revolution, by Gouverneur Morris, ed. Beatrix Davenport, 2 V., (Ayer Co., Salem, NH, 1939). Harrison Clark, 2215 Harbor Terrace, Alexandria, VA 22308.

The Almost Perfect State, by Don Marquis (1927). **Treatise on the Gods**, by H.L. Mencken(1930). Glenn Critton, 1802 Ford Parkway, St. Paul, MN 55116.

Thanatopsis, and other poems by Wm. Cullen Bryant. **Forest Fire**, by Rex Stout. C.H. Jefferson, Rt 1, Box 794, Green Forest, AR 72638.

The New Testament in Braid Scots Rendered, by the Rev. William Wye Smith, 3rd ed., rev. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1924). Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins. Rebecca McDaniel, 420 Disharoon Ridge, Big Canoe, GA 30143.

Morn and **War is Heaven**, by D. Keith Mano. Robert J. Leman, 2615 Broad St., Bethel Park, PA 15102.

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CURRENT WISDOM

USA Today

A congratulatory message from the magazine reviewer of the incomparable *USA Today*:

Many people despise R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.'s *The American Spectator.* Its conservative politics and contempt for liberal concerns repel those of a more compassionate bent.

[February 12, 1988]

Esquire

CAT scan of the brain of a hamster, whose first name is Robert:

At the house, he is informed that all air traffic has been halted for an hour because the Vice-President's plane is due in at the airport.

"What time is he coming in?" Redford wants to know.

"Three-fifteen," he is told.

"What time is it now?"

"Three o'clock."

"God, wouldn't it be great to go out to the airport and be there when Bush comes in. I'd love to do that and have the media come over and ask me what I think of him. Think they'd do that? That would be great."

"What would you say?"

"That I think he's a jerk."

"He was a pretty good baseball player in college, you know?" I tell him.

"Come on, cut it out," he says. "Really? He couldn't have been. He's too weak."

"Big war hero, too."

"Who? Bush? Come on."

"Seriously. You can look it up."

"Well, why isn't he talking about that?" Redford asks. "If that stuff is true, then that's what he should be talking about. That says something about him."

When Redford gets to the airport, Bush has already departed for town. His plane, Air Force II, sits on the lonesome runway washed in the fading light of dusk, a silver, red, blue and white canister of power, not necessarily of fame.

As Redford removes his bags from the car's trunk, one of the ground crew approaches. "Excuse me, Mr. Redford. The governor of Florida is inside and he wants to know . . ."

"Yeah," Redford says. "I know what he wants to know."

"If you'd have a picture taken with him?"

"No," Redford says.

"Excuse me?" the kid asks.

"Tell him no," Redford says. Then, almost to himself: "I know what it is all about; the picture goes right up on the wall in the office: 'Me and my new friend, Bob.'

"Look," he says to the ground-crew guy, "I know it's not your fault. You're just doing your job coming out and asking me, but tell him I'm sorry, no."

This autographed picture deal, this posing with the great, the near-great, and those who only dream of getting next to the great, is something Redford takes seriously. Once, before giving a woman his autograph, he insisted that she remove a BUSH FOR PRESIDENT button from her jacket. She did. And Redford signed. It's part of who he is.

[March 1988]

Washington Post

Whilst reviewing Charles Colson's latest book, the luminous Prof. Colman McCarthy puts the kibosh to the author's mythical vision of Holy Russia, a land Colson also believes is teeming with Communists, KGB agents, and other mythical creatures:

Colson crams together these platitudes like a warden overcrowding a cell block. He hasn't written a book as much as repackaged a few pet mullings, most of which are unstirringly conventional. "The Soviet system is committed to the eradication of any vital practice of religion," he writes. If that's true, why are Westerners regularly taken to monasteries and churches when they visit the Soviet Union, and why has Mother Teresa been invited to open a convent in Moscow?

[December 1987]

New Perspectives Quarterly

Mr. Frank Zappa makes a memorable attempt to become arts critic for National Public Radio:

There is a book called *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, with thousands of names in it. You have never heard of most of the people in that book, nor have you heard their music. That doesn't mean they wrote awful music, it means they didn't have hits.

So basically, the people who are recognized as the geniuses of classical music had hits. And the person who determined whether or not it was a hit was a king, a duke, or the church or whoever paid the bill. The desire to get a sandwich or something to drink had a lot to do with it. And the content of what they wrote was to a degree determined by the musical predilections of the guy who was paying the bill.

Today, we have a similar situation in rock 'n' roll. We have kings, dukes, and popes: the A&R guy who spots a group or screens the tape when it comes in; the business affairs guy who writes the contract; the radio station programmers who choose what records get air play.

[Winter 1988]

Washington Times

Washington's Good *Times* reports it all as the Hon. Mr. Hartpence indulges in some braggadocio over past triumphs:

"If I am elected, I won't be the first adulterer in the White House," Mr. Hart said. "I may be the first one to have publicly confessed, but I won't be the first."

Mr. Hart and his wife, Lee, met with the editorial board of the Des Moines Register during a campaign swing in Iowa.

On his marriage, Mr. Hart said: "We have been married longer than the president in the White House today. We have kept our marriage together. One could argue—I wouldn't—that Ronald Reagan walked away from a marriage. Not just Ronald Reagan but a lot of people."

[January 11, 1988]

New York Times Magazine

The author of *The Closing of the American Mind*, Allan Bloom, Polite Society's latest Senator Joe McCarthy, takes a dreadful stream-of-conscience drubbing in the howls page of a polite weekly:

Allan Bloom's book is a pretentious account of his own nostalgia for the days when white-male authority went unquestioned. Such yearnings are the standard litany of extreme conservatism.

Elitism has never been an American value. Our country has a history of struggle for freedom and equality, in which the civil-rights movement, the women's movement and many of the new scholarly trends being embraced by humanities departments are the most recent developments.

Professor Bloom recently gave a talk at Oberlin College, the first co-ed college in this country as well as one of the first to admit blacks. He spoke longingly of Plato and Socrates, who spent their days debating "Great Ideas" with a group of like-minded friends in ancient Athens. University education, Bloom suggested, should operate on this model. Anyone who has read Plato knows that the very raison d'etre of the Socratic confraternity was its deliberate exclusion of slaves and women.

—Natania Rosenfeld
Princeton, N.J.

[February 7, 1988]

Village Voice

The cosmic gibbering of Tom Hayden contained in a "Last Thoughts" memorandum sent by him to fellow Gary Hart supporters during last spring's post-coitus crisis:

Recognizing that it may be pop psychology, I think I understand now part of the reason for this identity problem. Gary's values and worldview were formed in the Church of the Nazarene, a very moralistic and guilt-driven denomination. When he left the Church orbit for Yale, and politics, and the world of relative ethics, he crossed at some point from Nazarene to libertine. But even if you leave your church, your church doesn't leave you. And so, even as he experimented with the new world of free relationships, the voice of his past reminded him that he was wrong. He entered a world of shadow and risk, a "double man" to use the title of his novel, operating according to his new ethical standards while judging himself a sinner. One resolution of this contradiction is to live dangerously, near the edge of exposure and destruction. To survive affairs, in this context, is to be vindicated in the view that the world is tolerant, forgiving, turns its back on commonplace transgressions. To be caught, on the other hand, is confirmation that the world is ruled by an iron moral law, and admission that one cannot meet the standard. I believe Gary was testing whether he was morally adequate to be the presidential front-runner by acting on the edge of risk.

[January 26, 1988]

Washington Post

Dr. Carl T. Rowan reveals the condition of our contemporary bonsai civil rights movement:

Show me a guy who rides around with a swastika on his bumper, and I'll show you someone who hates Jews. I'll point out a sicko who still worships Adolf Hitler's notions of "Aryan supremacy" and his vow to exterminate the Jewish people.

Show me a guy who rides around with Confederate flags flying on his front fenders, and I'll show you someone who thinks the Civil War still goes on. I'll give you a racist who thinks that it is only a matter of time before this nation makes white supremacy its official policy and returns to slavery, with black people the God-designated hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Show me a governor who insists on flying the Confederate flag over his state capitol, and I'll show you a social-intellectual Neanderthal, a person who is dangerously insensitive to the feelings of black Americans both inside his state and across the country.

[February 9, 1988]

Daily Forty Niner

The editors of Cal-State Long Beach's paper of record come down smartly on the side of progress:

Ignoring the rhetoric that both sides conveyed before, during and after the summit, it becomes apparent that only one leader may have been sincere when it came to making promises for world peace:

Mikhail Gorbachev.

[January 1988]

City Paper

Washington, D.C.'s simulacrum of the *Village Voice* puts a local Aristotle in charge of explicating a celluloid classic, *The Manchurian Candidate*, and, lo, the dolt sees contemporary Academe's hallucination of the fiend Reagan and our beloved body politic:

What's creepy about this movie, of course, is how closely its creators, by intuition or accident, foresaw what would transpire in the quarter-century between its release and resurrection—the rash of assassinations that shredded the fabric of our national consciousness; the emergence and, indeed, longterm presidency of a dullard Red-baiter manipulated by a tough, ambitious wife and right-wing interests; an electorate so numbed by media that it can no longer distinguish between how a candidate looks and what, if anything, he stands for; a society so demoralized and cynical that its few perceptive, altruistic members are forced, like Marco, to become outcasts.

Produced during the great rush of New Frontier idealism, *The Manchurian Candidate* was designed as a worst possible scenario comic-nightmare of what the progressive Kennedy era presumably had put to rest. Today, the film's vision of a corrupt, paranoid body politic is virtually a photographic likeness of our political reality.

[February 19-25, 1988]

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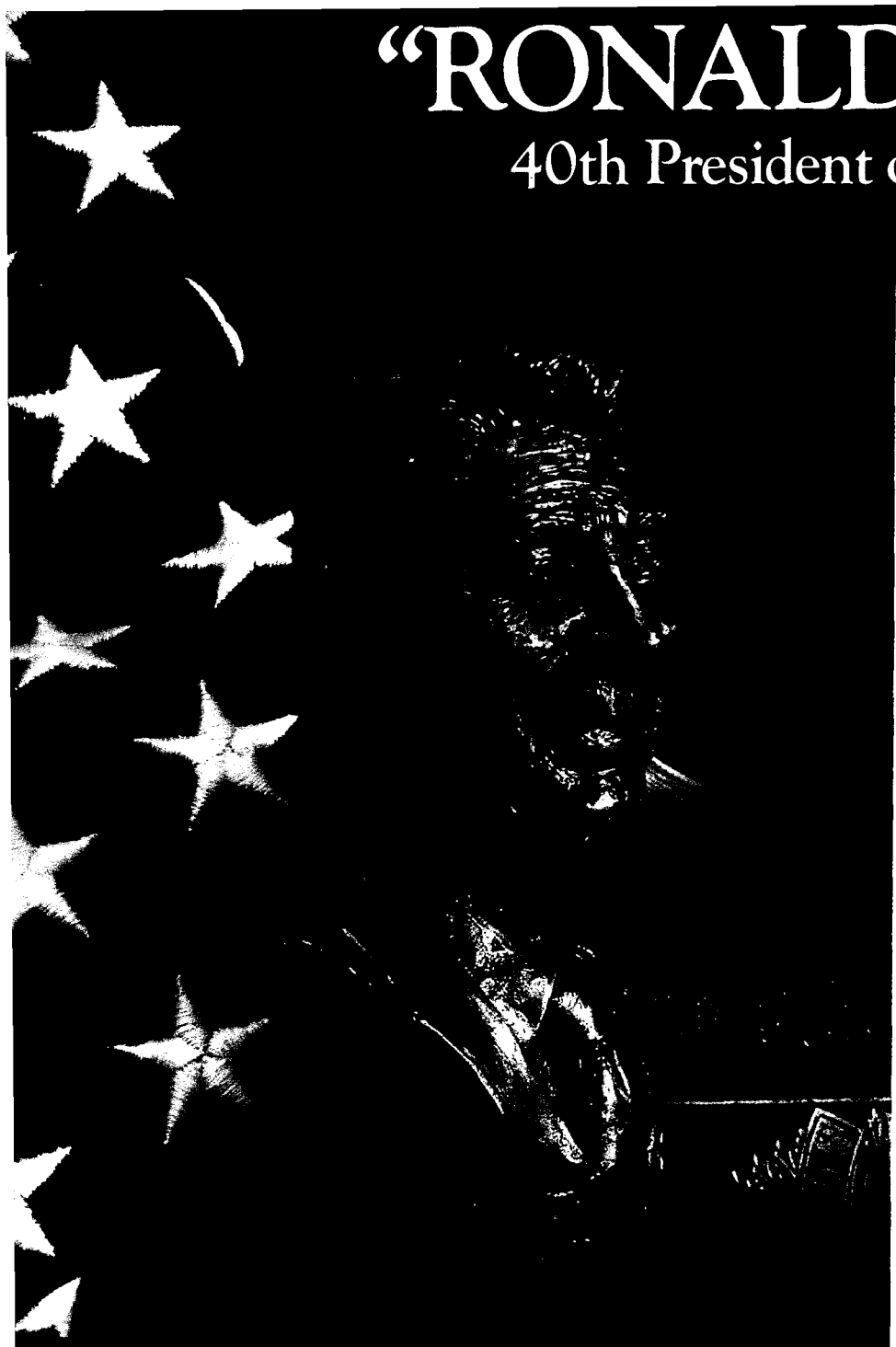

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